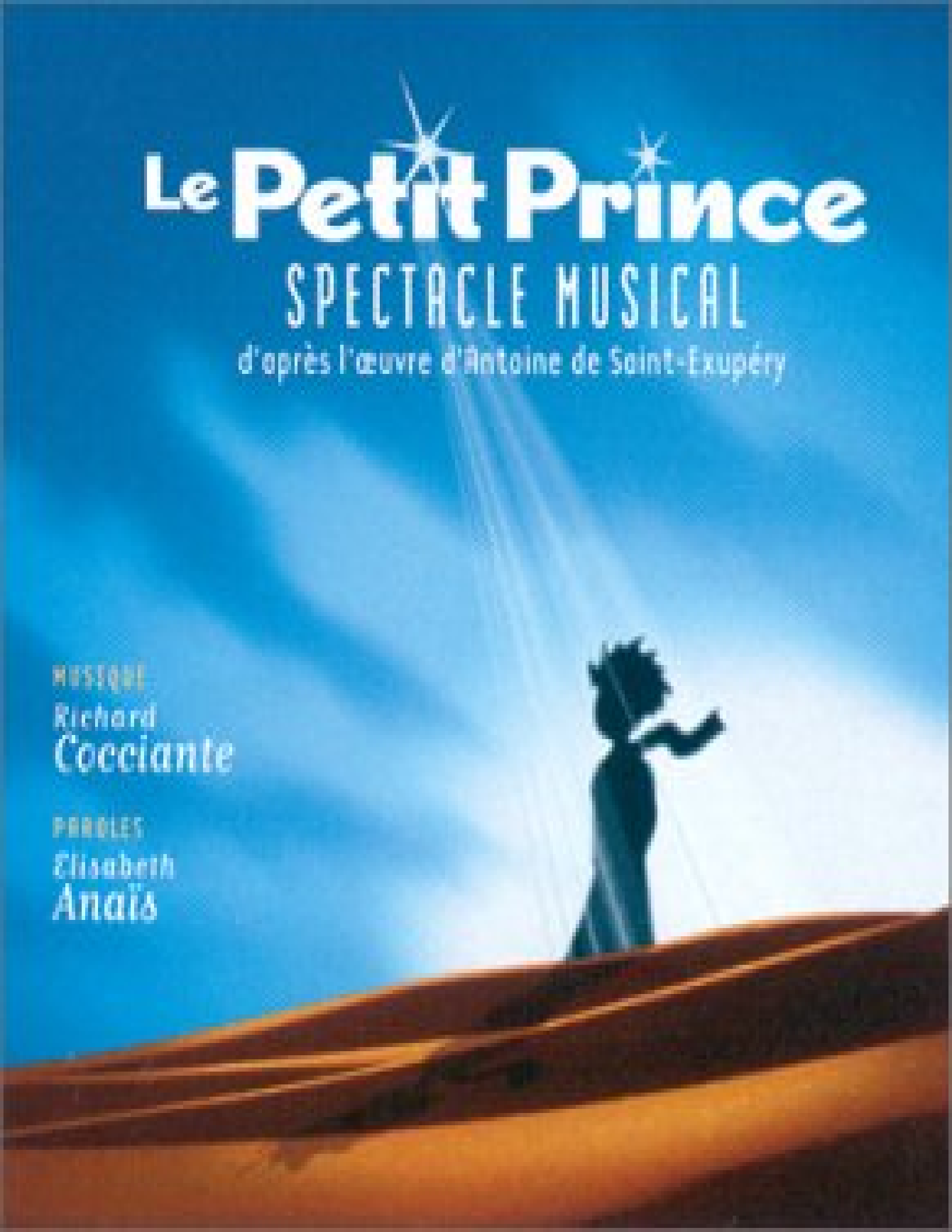




# Le Petit Prince

## SPECTACLE MUSICAL

d'après l'œuvre d'Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

MUSIQUE

Richard  
Cocciantè

PAROLES

Elisabeth  
Anaïs



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## Chapter\_1

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To Leon Werth

I ask the indulgence of the children who may read this book for dedicating it to a grown-up. I have a serious reason: he is the best friend I have in the world. I have another reason: this grown-up understands everything

even books about children. I have a third reason: he lives in France where he is hungry and cold. He needs cheering up. If all these reasons are not enough

I will dedicate the book to the child from whom this grown-up grew. All grown-ups were once children-- although few of them remember it. And so I correct my dedication:

To Leon Werth

when he was a little boy

[ Chapter 1 ]

- we are introduced to the narrator

a pilot

and his ideas about grown-ups

Once when I was six years old I saw a magnificent picture in a book called True Stories from Nature

about the primeval forest. It was a picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.

In the book it said: "Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole without chewing it. After that they are not able to move and they sleep through the six months that they need for digestion."

I pondered deeply  
then

over the adventures of the jungle. And after some work with a colored pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing. My Drawing Number One. It looked like this:

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups  
and asked them whether the drawing frightened them.

But they answered: "Frighten? Why should any one be frightened by a hat?"

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a boa constrictor digesting an elephant. But since the grown-ups were not able to understand it

I made another drawing: I drew the inside of the boa constrictor so that the grown-ups could see it clearly. They always need to have things explained. My Drawing Number Two looked like this:

The grown-ups' response  
this time

was to advise me to lay aside my drawings of boa constrictors whether from the inside or the outside  
and devote myself instead to geography  
history

arithmetic and grammar. That is why  
at the age of six

I gave up what might have been a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups never understand anything by themselves

and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

So then I chose another profession  
and learned to pilot airplanes. I have flown a little over all parts of the world; and it is true that geography has been very useful to me. At a glance I can distinguish China from Arizona. If one gets lost in the night such knowledge is valuable.

In the course of this life I have had a great many encounters with a great many people who have been concerned with matters of consequence. I have lived a great deal among grown-ups. I have seen them intimately close at hand. And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them. Whenever I met one of them who seemed to me at all clear-sighted I tried the experiment of showing him my Drawing Number One which I have always kept. I would try to find out

so

if this was a person of true understanding. But

whoever it was

he

or she

would always say:

That is a hat.

Then I would never talk to that person about boa constrictors

or primeval forests

or stars. I would bring myself down to his level. I would talk to him about bridge

and golf

and politics

and neckties. And the grown-up would be greatly pleased to have met such a sensible man.

[ Chapter 2 ]

- the narrator crashes in the desert and makes the acquaintance of the little prince

So I lived my life alone  
without anyone that I could really talk to  
until I had an accident with my plane in the Desert of Sahara  
six years ago. Something was broken in my engine. And as I had with me neither a mechanic nor any passengers

I set myself to attempt the difficult repairs all alone. It was a question of life or death for me: I had scarcely enough drinking water to last a week.

The first night

then

I went to sleep on the sand  
a thousand miles from any human habitation. I was more isolated than a shipwrecked sailor on a raft in the middle of the ocean. Thus you can imagine my amazement

at sunrise

when I was awakened by an odd little voice. It said:

If you please-- draw me a sheep!

What!

Draw me a sheep!

I jumped to my feet  
completely thunderstruck. I blinked my eyes hard. I looked carefully all around me. And I saw a most extraordinary small person

who stood there examining me with great seriousness. Here you may see the best potrait that

later

I was able to make of him. But my drawing is certainly very much less charming than its model.

That

however

is not my fault. The grown-ups discouraged me in my painter's career when I was six years old

and I never learned to draw anything

except boas from the outside and boas from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my eyes fairly starting out of my head in astonishment. Remember

I had crashed in the desert a thousand miles from any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be straying uncertainly among the sands

nor to be fainting from fatigue or hunger or thirst or fear. Nothing about him gave any suggestion of a child lost in the middle of the desert a thousand miles from any human habitation. When at last I was able to speak

I said to him:

But-- what are you doing here?

And in answer he repeated

very slowly

as if he were speaking of a matter of great consequence: "If you please-- draw me a sheep..."

When a mystery is too overpowering

one dare not disobey. Absurd as it might seem to me

a thousand miles from any human habitation and in danger of death

I took out of my pocket a sheet of paper and my fountain-pen. But then  
I remembered how my studies had been concentrated on geography

history

arithmetic

and grammar

and I told the little chap (a little crossly

too) that I did not know how to draw. He answered me:

That doesn't matter. Draw me a sheep...

But I had never drawn a sheep. So I drew for him one of the two  
pictures I had drawn so often. It was that of the boa constrictor from the  
outside. And I was astounded to hear the little fellow greet it with

No

no

no! I do not want an elephant inside a boa constrictor. A boa  
constrictor is a very dangerous creature

and an elephant is very cumbersome. Where I live

everything is very small. What I need is a sheep. Draw me a sheep.

So then I made a drawing.

He looked at it carefully

then he said:

No. This sheep is already very sickly. Make me another.

So I made another drawing.

My friend smiled gently and indulgently.

You see yourself

he said

that this is not a sheep. This is a ram. It has horns.

So then I did my drawing over once more.

But it was rejected too

just like the others.

This one is too old. I want a sheep that will live a long time.

By this time my patience was exhausted

because I was in a hurry to start taking my engine apart. So I tossed off this drawing.

And I threw out an explanation with it.

This is only his box. The sheep you asked for is inside.

I was very surprised to see a light break over the face of my young judge:

That is exactly the way I wanted it! Do you think that this sheep will have to have a great deal of grass?

Why?

Because where I live everything is very small...

There will surely be enough grass for him

I said. "It is a very small sheep that I have given you."

He bent his head over the drawing:

Not so small that-- Look! He has gone to sleep...

And that is how I made the acquaintance of the little prince.

[ Chapter 3 ]

- the narrator learns more about from where the little prince came

It took me a long time to learn where he came from. The little prince who asked me so many questions

never seemed to hear the ones I asked him. It was from words dropped by chance that

little by little

everything was revealed to me.

The first time he saw my airplane

for instance (I shall not draw my airplane; that would be much too complicated for me)

he asked me:

What is that object?

That is not an object. It flies. It is an airplane. It is my airplane.

And I was proud to have him learn that I could fly.

He cried out

then:

What! You dropped down from the sky?

Yes

I answered

modestly.

Oh! That is funny!

And the little prince broke into a lovely peal of laughter

which irritated me very much. I like my misfortunes to be taken seriously.

Then he added:

So you

too

come from the sky! Which is your planet?

At that moment I caught a gleam of light in the impenetrable mystery of his presence; and I demanded

abruptly:

Do you come from another planet?

But he did not reply. He tossed his head gently without taking his eyes from my plane:

It is true that on that you can't have come from very far away...

And he sank into a reverie

which lasted a long time. Then  
taking my sheep out of his pocket  
he buried himself in the contemplation of his treasure.

You can imagine how my curiosity was aroused by this half-  
confidence about the "other planets." I made a great effort  
therefore  
to find out more on this subject.

My little man  
where do you come from? What is this 'where I live  
' of which you speak? Where do you want to take your sheep?  
After a reflective silence he answered:

The thing that is so good about the box you have given me is that at  
night he can use it as his house.

That is so. And if you are good I will give you a string  
too  
so that you can tie him during the day  
and a post to tie him to.

But the little prince seemed shocked by this offer:  
Tie him! What a queer idea!

But if you don't tie him

I said  
he will wander off somewhere  
and get lost.

My friend broke into another peal of laughter:

But where do you think he would go?

Anywhere. Straight ahead of him.

Then the little prince said  
earnestly:

That doesn't matter. Where I live  
everything is so small!

And

with perhaps a hint of sadness

he added:

Straight ahead of him

nobody can go very far...

[ Chapter 4 ]

- the narrator speculates as to which asteroid from which the little  
prince came

I had thus learned a second fact of great importance: this was that the  
planet the little prince came from was scarcely any larger than a house!

But that did not really surprise me much. I knew very well that in  
addition to the great planets-- such as the Earth

Jupiter

Mars

Venus-- to which we have given names

there are also hundreds of others

some of which are so small that one has a hard time seeing them  
through the telescope. When an astronomer discovers one of these he does  
not give it a name

but only a number. He might call it

for example

Asteroid 325.

I have serious reason to believe that the planet from which the little  
prince came is the asteroid known as B-612.

This asteroid has only once been seen through the telescope. That was  
by a Turkish astronomer

in 1909.

On making his discovery

the astronomer had presented it to the International Astronomical

Congress

in a great demonstration. But he was in Turkish costume

and so nobody would believe what he said.

Grown-ups are like that...

Fortunately

however

for the reputation of Asteroid B-612

a Turkish dictator made a law that his subjects

under pain of death

should change to European costume. So in 1920 the astronomer gave

his demonstration all over again

dressed with impressive style and elegance. And this time everybody

accepted his report.

If I have told you these details about the asteroid

and made a note of its number for you

it is on account of the grown-ups and their ways. When you tell them

that you have made a new friend

they never ask you any questions about essential matters. They never

say to you

What does his voice sound like? What games does he love best? Does

he collect butterflies?

Instead

they demand: "How old is he? How many brothers has he? How much

does he weigh? How much money does his father make?" Only from these

figures do they think they have learned anything about him.

If you were to say to the grown-ups: "I saw a beautiful house made of rosy brick

with geraniums in the windows and doves on the roof

they would not be able to get any idea of that house at all. You would have to say to them:

I saw a house that cost \$20

000." Then they would exclaim: "Oh

what a pretty house that is!"

Just so

you might say to them: "The proof that the little prince existed is that he was charming

that he laughed

and that he was looking for a sheep. If anybody wants a sheep

that is a proof that he exists." And what good would it do to tell them that? They would shrug their shoulders

and treat you like a child. But if you said to them: "The planet he came from is Asteroid B-612

then they would be convinced

and leave you in peace from their questions.

They are like that. One must not hold it against them. Children should always show great forbearance toward grown-up people.

But certainly

for us who understand life

figures are a matter of indifference. I should have liked to begin this story in the fashion of the fairy-tales. I should have like to say:

Once upon a time there was a little prince who lived on a planet that was scarcely any bigger than himself

and who had need of a sheep..."

To those who understand life  
that would have given a much greater air of truth to my story.

For I do not want any one to read my book carelessly. I have suffered  
too much grief in setting down these memories. Six years have already  
passed since my friend went away from me

with his sheep. If I try to describe him here

it is to make sure that I shall not forget him. To forget a friend is sad.

Not every one has had a friend. And if I forget him

I may become like the grown-ups who are no longer interested in  
anything but figures...

It is for that purpose

again

that I have bought a box of paints and some pencils. It is hard to take  
up drawing again at my age

when I have never made any pictures except those of the boa  
constrictor from the outside and the boa constrictor from the inside

since I was six. I shall certainly try to make my portraits as true to life  
as possible. But I am not at all sure of success. One drawing goes along all  
right

and another has no resemblance to its subject. I make some errors  
too

in the little prince's height: in one place he is too tall and in another  
too short. And I feel some doubts about the color of his costume. So I  
fumble along as best I can

now good

now bad

and I hope generally fair-to-middling.

In certain more important details I shall make mistakes

also. But that is something that will not be my fault. My friend never explained anything to me. He thought

perhaps

that I was like himself. But I

alas

do not know how to see sheep through the walls of boxes. Perhaps I am a little like the grown-ups. I have had to grow old.

[ Chapter 5 ]

- we are warned as to the dangers of the baobabs

As each day passed I would learn

in our talk

something about the little prince's planet

his departure from it

his journey. The information would come very slowly

as it might chance to fall from his thoughts. It was in this way that I heard

on the third day

about the catastrophe of the baobabs.

This time

once more

I had the sheep to thank for it. For the little prince asked me abruptly-- as if seized by a grave doubt-- "It is true

isn't it

that sheep eat little bushes?"

Yes

that is true.

Ah! I am glad!

I did not understand why it was so important that sheep should eat little bushes. But the little prince added:

Then it follows that they also eat baobabs?

I pointed out to the little prince that baobabs were not little bushes but

on the contrary

trees as big as castles; and that even if he took a whole herd of elephants away with him

the herd would not eat up one single baobab.

The idea of the herd of elephants made the little prince laugh.

We would have to put them one on top of the other he said.

But he made a wise comment:

Before they grow so big  
the baobabs start out by being little.

That is strictly correct

I said. "But why do you want the sheep to eat the little baobabs?"

He answered me at once

Oh

come

come!

as if he were speaking of something that was self-evident. And I was obliged to make a great mental effort to solve this problem without any assistance.

Indeed

as I learned

there were on the planet where the little prince lived-- as on all planets--  
- good plants and bad plants. In consequence

there were good seeds from good plants  
and bad seeds from bad plants. But seeds are invisible. They sleep  
deep in the heart of the earth's darkness

until some one among them is seized with the desire to awaken. Then  
this little seed will stretch itself and begin-- timidly at first-- to push a  
charming little sprig inoffensively upward toward the sun. If it is only a  
sprout of radish or the sprig of a rose-bush

one would let it grow wherever it might wish. But when it is a bad  
plant

one must destroy it as soon as possible  
the very first instant that one recognizes it.

Now there were some terrible seeds on the planet that was the home of  
the little prince; and these were the seeds of the baobab. The soil of that  
planet was infested with them. A baobab is something you will never

never be able to get rid of if you attend to it too late. It spreads over the  
entire planet. It bores clear through it with its roots. And if the planet is too  
small

and the baobabs are too many  
they split it in pieces...

It is a question of discipline  
the little prince said to me later on. "When you've finished your own  
toilet in the morning

then it is time to attend to the toilet of your planet  
just so

with the greatest care. You must see to it that you pull up regularly all  
the baobabs

at the very first moment when they can be distinguished from the  
rosebushes which they resemble so closely in their earliest youth. It is very

tedious work

the little prince added

but very easy."

And one day he said to me: "You ought to make a beautiful drawing so that the children where you live can see exactly how all this is. That would be very useful to them if they were to travel some day. Sometimes he added

there is no harm in putting off a piece of work until another day. But when it is a matter of baobabs

that always means a catastrophe. I knew a planet that was inhabited by a lazy man. He neglected three little bushes..."

So

as the little prince described it to me

I have made a drawing of that planet. I do not much like to take the tone of a moralist. But the danger of the baobabs is so little understood and such considerable risks would be run by anyone who might get lost on an asteroid

that for once I am breaking through my reserve. "Children

I say plainly

watch out for the baobabs!"

My friends

like myself

have been skirting this danger for a long time

without ever knowing it; and so it is for them that I have worked so hard over this drawing. The lesson which I pass on by this means is worth all the trouble it has cost me.

Perhaps you will ask me

Why are there no other drawing in this book as magnificent and impressive as this drawing of the baobabs?

The reply is simple. I have tried. But with the others I have not been successful. When I made the drawing of the baobabs I was carried beyond myself by the inspiring force of urgent necessity.

[ Chapter 6 ]

- the little prince and the narrator talk about sunsets

Oh

little prince! Bit by bit I came to understand the secrets of your sad little life... For a long time you had found your only entertainment in the quiet pleasure of looking at the sunset. I learned that new detail on the morning of the fourth day

when you said to me:

I am very fond of sunsets. Come

let us go look at a sunset now.

But we must wait

I said.

Wait? For what?

For the sunset. We must wait until it is time.

At first you seemed to be very much surprised. And then you laughed to yourself. You said to me:

I am always thinking that I am at home!

Just so. Everybody knows that when it is noon in the United States the sun is setting over France.

If you could fly to France in one minute

you could go straight into the sunset

right from noon. Unfortunately

France is too far away for that. But on your tiny planet

my little prince  
all you need do is move your chair a few steps. You can see the day  
end and the twilight falling whenever you like...

One day  
you said to me  
I saw the sunset forty-four times!  
And a little later you added:  
You know-- one loves the sunset  
when one is so sad...  
Were you so sad  
then?

I asked  
on the day of the forty-four sunsets?  
But the little prince made no reply.

[ Chapter 7 ]

- the narrator learns about the secret of the little prince's life

On the fifth day-- again  
as always  
it was thanks to the sheep-- the secret of the little prince's life was  
revealed to me. Abruptly  
without anything to lead up to it  
and as if the question had been born of long and silent meditation on  
his problem  
he demanded:  
A sheep-- if it eats little bushes  
does it eat flowers  
too?  
A sheep

I answered  
eats anything it finds in its reach.

Even flowers that have thorns?

Yes  
even flowers that have thorns.

Then the thorns-- what use are they?

I did not know. At that moment I was very busy trying to unscrew a bolt that had got stuck in my engine. I was very much worried

for it was becoming clear to me that the breakdown of my plane was extremely serious. And I had so little drinking-water left that I had to fear for the worst.

The thorns-- what use are they?

The little prince never let go of a question once he had asked it. As for me

I was upset over that bolt. And I answered with the first thing that came into my head:

The thorns are of no use at all. Flowers have thorns just for spite!

Oh!

There was a moment of complete silence. Then the little prince flashed back at me

with a kind of resentment:

I don't believe you! Flowers are weak creatures. They are naïfs. They reassure themselves as best they can. They believe that their thorns are terrible weapons...

I did not answer. At that instant I was saying to myself: "If this bolt still won't turn

I am going to knock it out with the hammer." Again the little prince disturbed my thoughts.

And you actually believe that the flowers--

Oh

no!

I cried. "No

no no! I don't believe anything. I answered you with the first thing that came into my head. Don't you see-- I am very busy with matters of consequence!"

He stared at me

thunderstruck.

Matters of consequence!

He looked at me there

with my hammer in my hand

my fingers black with engine-grease

bending down over an object which seemed to him extremely ugly...

You talk just like the grown-ups!

That made me a little ashamed. But he went on relentlessly:

You mix everything up together... You confuse everything...

He was really very angry. He tossed his golden curls in the breeze.

I know a planet where there is a certain red-faced gentleman. He has never smelled a flower. He has never looked at a star. He has never loved any one. He has never done anything in his life but add up figures. And all day he says over and over

just like you: 'I am busy with matters of consequence!' And that makes him swell up with pride. But he is not a man-- he is a mushroom!

A what?

A mushroom!

The little prince was now white with rage.

The flowers have been growing thorns for millions of years. For millions of years the sheep have been eating them just the same. And is it not a matter of consequence to try to understand why the flowers go to so much trouble to grow thorns which are never of any use to them? Is the warfare between the sheep and the flowers not important? Is this not of more consequence than a fat red-faced gentleman's sums? And if I know-- I

myself-- one flower which is unique in the world  
which grows nowhere but on my planet  
but which one little sheep can destroy in a single bite some morning  
without even noticing what he is doing-- Oh! You think that is not  
important!

His face turned from white to red as he continued:  
If some one loves a flower  
of which just one single blossom grows in all the millions and millions  
of stars

it is enough to make him happy just to look at the stars. He can say to  
himself

'Somewhere  
my flower is there...' But if the sheep eats the flower  
in one moment all his stars will be darkened... And you think that is  
not important!

He could not say anything more. His words were choked by sobbing.  
The night had fallen. I had let my tools drop from my hands. Of what  
moment now was my hammer

my bolt  
or thirst  
or death? On one star  
one planet

my planet

the Earth

there was a little prince to be comforted. I took him in my arms  
and rocked him. I said to him:

The flower that you love is not in danger. I will draw you a muzzle for  
your sheep. I will draw you a railing to put around your flower. I will--

I did not know what to say to him. I felt awkward and blundering. I did  
not know how I could reach him

where I could overtake him and go on hand in hand with him once  
more.

It is such a secret place

the land of tears.

[ Chapter 8 ]

- the rose arrives at the little prince's planet

I soon learned to know this flower better. On the little prince's planet  
the flowers had always been very simple. They had only one ring of petals;  
they took up no room at all; they were a trouble to nobody. One morning  
they would appear in the grass

and by night they would have faded peacefully away. But one day  
from a seed blown from no one knew where

a new flower had come up; and the little prince had watched very  
closely over this small sprout which was not like any other small sprouts on  
his planet. It might

you see

have been a new kind of baobab.

The shrub soon stopped growing

and began to get ready to produce a flower. The little prince  
who was present at the first appearance of a huge bud

felt at once that some sort of miraculous apparition must emerge from it. But the flower was not satisfied to complete the preparations for her beauty in the shelter of her green chamber. She chose her colours with the greatest care. She adjusted her petals one by one. She did not wish to go out into the world all rumpled

like the field poppies. It was only in the full radiance of her beauty that she wished to appear. Oh

yes! She was a coquettish creature! And her mysterious adornment lasted for days and days.

Then one morning  
exactly at sunrise  
she suddenly showed herself.

And  
after working with all this painstaking precision  
she yawned and said:

Ah! I am scarcely awake. I beg that you will excuse me. My petals are still all disarranged...

But the little prince could not restrain his admiration:

Oh! How beautiful you are!

Am I not?

the flower responded  
sweetly. "And I was born at the same moment as the sun..."

The little prince could guess easily enough that she was not any too modest-- but how moving-- and exciting-- she was!

I think it is time for breakfast

she added an instant later. "If you would have the kindness to think of my needs--"

And the little prince

completely abashed  
went to look for a sprinkling-can of fresh water. So  
he tended the flower.

So

too

she began very quickly to torment him with her vanity-- which was  
if the truth be known

a little difficult to deal with. One day  
for instance

when she was speaking of her four thorns  
she said to the little prince:

Let the tigers come with their claws!

There are no tigers on my planet

the little prince objected. "And

anyway

tigers do not eat weeds."

I am not a weed

the flower replied

sweetly.

Please excuse me...

I am not at all afraid of tigers

she went on

but I have a horror of drafts. I suppose you wouldn't have a screen for  
me?

A horror of drafts-- that is bad luck

for a plant

remarked the little prince

and added to himself

This flower is a very complex creature...

At night I want you to put me under a glass globe. It is very cold where you live. In the place I came from--

But she interrupted herself at that point. She had come in the form of a seed. She could not have known anything of any other worlds. Embarrassed over having let herself be caught on the verge of such a naïf<sup>な</sup> untruth

she coughed two or three times

in order to put the little prince in the wrong.

The screen?

I was just going to look for it when you spoke to me...

Then she forced her cough a little more so that he should suffer from remorse just the same.

So the little prince

in spite of all the good will that was inseparable from his love

had soon come to doubt her. He had taken seriously words which were without importance

and it made him very unhappy.

I ought not to have listened to her

he confided to me one day. "One never ought to listen to the flowers.

One should simply look at them and breathe their fragrance. Mine perfumed all my planet. But I did not know how to take pleasure in all her grace. This tale of claws

which disturbed me so much

should only have filled my heart with tenderness and pity."

And he continued his confidences:

The fact is that I did not know how to understand anything! I ought to have judged by deeds and not by words. She cast her fragrance and her radiance over me. I ought never to have run away from her... I ought to have

guessed all the affection that lay behind her poor little strategems. Flowers are so inconsistent! But I was too young to know how to love her...

[ Chapter 9 ]

- the little prince leaves his planet

I believe that for his escape he took advantage of the migration of a flock of wild birds. On the morning of his departure he put his planet in perfect order. He carefully cleaned out his active volcanoes. He possessed two active volcanoes; and they were very convenient for heating his breakfast in the morning. He also had one volcano that was extinct

## Chapter\_2

t. But  
as he said  
One never knows!  
So he cleaned out the extinct volcano  
too. If they are well cleaned out  
volcanoes burn slowly and steadily  
without any eruptions. Volcanic eruptions are like fires in a chimney.  
On our earth we are obviously much too small to clean out our  
volcanoes. That is why they bring no end of trouble upon us.  
The little prince also pulled up  
with a certain sense of dejection  
the last little shoots of the baobabs. He believed that he would never  
want to return. But on this last morning all these familiar tasks seemed very  
precious to him. And when he watered the flower for the last time  
and prepared to place her under the shelter of her glass globe  
he realised that he was very close to tears.  
Goodbye  
he said to the flower.  
But she made no answer.  
Goodbye  
he said again.  
The flower coughed. But it was not because she had a cold.  
I have been silly  
she said to him  
at last. "I ask your forgiveness. Try to be happy..."

He was surprised by this absence of reproaches. He stood there all bewildered

the glass globe held arrested in mid-air. He did not understand this quiet sweetness.

Of course I love you

the flower said to him. "It is my fault that you have not known it all the while. That is of no importance. But you-- you have been just as foolish as I. Try to be happy... let the glass globe be. I don't want it any more."

But the wind--

My cold is not so bad as all that... the cool night air will do me good. I am a flower.

But the animals--

Well

I must endure the presence of two or three caterpillars if I wish to become acquainted with the butterflies. It seems that they are very beautiful. And if not the butterflies-- and the caterpillars-- who will call upon me? You will be far away... as for the large animals-- I am not at all afraid of any of them. I have my claws.

And

naively

she showed her four thorns. Then she added:

Don't linger like this. You have decided to go away. Now go!

For she did not want him to see her crying. She was such a proud flower...

[ Chapter 10 ]

- the little prince visits the king

He found himself in the neighborhood of the asteroids 325

326

327

328

329

and 330. He began

therefore

by visiting them

in order to add to his knowledge.

The first of them was inhabited by a king. Clad in royal purple and ermine

he was seated upon a throne which was at the same time both simple and majestic.

Ah! Here is a subject

exclaimed the king

when he saw the little prince coming.

And the little prince asked himself:

How could he recognize me when he had never seen me before?

He did not know how the world is simplified for kings. To them all men are subjects.

Approach

so that I may see you better

said the king

who felt consumingly proud of being at last a king over somebody.

The little prince looked everywhere to find a place to sit down; but the entire planet was crammed and obstructed by the king's magnificent ermine robe. So he remained standing upright

and

since he was tired

he yawned.

It is contrary to etiquette to yawn in the presence of a king  
the monarch said to him. "I forbid you to do so."

I can't help it. I can't stop myself  
replied the little prince  
thoroughly embarrassed. "I have come on a long journey  
and I have had no sleep..."

Ah

then

the king said. "I order you to yawn. It is years since I have seen anyone  
yawning. Yawns

to me  
are objects of curiosity. Come  
now! Yawn again! It is an order."

That frightens me... I cannot  
any more...

murmured the little prince  
now completely abashed.

Hum! Hum!

replied the king. "Then I-- I order you sometimes to yawn and  
sometimes to--"

He sputtered a little  
and seemed vexed.

For what the king fundamentally insisted upon was that his authority  
should be respected. He tolerated no disobedience. He was an absolute  
monarch. But

because he was a very good man  
he made his orders reasonable.  
If I ordered a general

he would say  
by way of example  
if I ordered a general to change himself into a sea bird  
and if the general did not obey me  
that would not be the fault of the general. It would be my fault.  
May I sit down?  
came now a timid inquiry from the little prince.  
I order you to do so  
the king answered him  
and majestically gathered in a fold of his ermine mantle.  
But the little prince was wondering... The planet was tiny. Over what  
could this king really rule?

Sire

he said to him

I beg that you will excuse my asking you a question--

I order you to ask me a question

the king hastened to assure him.

Sire-- over what do you rule?

Over everything

said the king

with magnificent simplicity.

Over everything?

The king made a gesture

which took in his planet

the other planets

and all the stars.

Over all that?

asked the little prince.

Over all that  
the king answered.

For his rule was not only absolute: it was also universal.

And the stars obey you?

Certainly they do

the king said. "They obey instantly. I do not permit insubordination."

Such power was a thing for the little prince to marvel at. If he had been  
master of such complete authority

he would have been able to watch the sunset

not forty-four times in one day

but seventy-two

or even a hundred

or even two hundred times

with out ever having to move his chair. And because he felt a bit sad as  
he remembered his little planet which he had forsaken

he plucked up his courage to ask the king a favor:

I should like to see a sunset... do me that kindness... Order the sun to  
set...

If I ordered a general to fly from one flower to another like a butterfly  
or to write a tragic drama

or to change himself into a sea bird

and if the general did not carry out the order that he had received

which one of us would be in the wrong?

the king demanded. "The general

or myself?"

You

said the little prince firmly.

Exactly. One must require from each one the duty which each one can perform

the king went on. "Accepted authority rests first of all on reason. If you ordered your people to go and throw themselves into the sea

they would rise up in revolution. I have the right to require obedience because my orders are reasonable."

Then my sunset?

the little prince reminded him: for he never forgot a question once he had asked it.

You shall have your sunset. I shall command it. But

according to my science of government

I shall wait until conditions are favorable.

When will that be?

inquired the little prince.

Hum! Hum!

replied the king; and before saying anything else he consulted a bulky almanac. "Hum! Hum! That will be about-- about-- that will be this evening about twenty minutes to eight. And you will see how well I am obeyed."

The little prince yawned. He was regretting his lost sunset. And then too

he was already beginning to be a little bored.

I have nothing more to do here

he said to the king. "So I shall set out on my way again."

Do not go

said the king

who was very proud of having a subject. "Do not go. I will make you a Minister!"

Minister of what?

Minster of-- of Justice!

But there is nobody here to judge!

We do not know that

the king said to him. "I have not yet made a complete tour of my kingdom. I am very old. There is no room here for a carriage. And it tires me to walk."

Oh

but I have looked already!

said the little prince

turning around to give one more glance to the other side of the planet.

On that side

as on this

there was nobody at all...

Then you shall judge yourself

the king answered. "that is the most difficult thing of all. It is much more difficult to judge oneself than to judge others. If you succeed in judging yourself rightly

then you are indeed a man of true wisdom."

Yes

said the little prince

but I can judge myself anywhere. I do not need to live on this planet.

Hum! Hum!" said the king. "I have good reason to believe that somewhere on my planet there is an old rat. I hear him at night. You can judge this old rat. From time to time you will condemn him to death. Thus his life will depend on your justice. But you will pardon him on each occasion; for he must be treated thriftily. He is the only one we have."

I

replied the little prince

do not like to condemn anyone to death. And now I think I will go on my way.

No

said the king.

But the little prince

having now completed his preparations for departure

had no wish to grieve the old monarch.

If Your Majesty wishes to be promptly obeyed

he said

he should be able to give me a reasonable order. He should be able

for example

to order me to be gone by the end of one minute. It seems to me that conditions are favorable...

As the king made no answer

the little prince hesitated a moment. Then

with a sigh

he took his leave.

I made you my Ambassador

the king called out

hastily.

He had a magnificent air of authority.

The grown-ups are very strange

the little prince said to himself

as he continued on his journey.

[ Chapter 11 ]

- the little prince visits the conceited man

The second planet was inhabited by a conceited man.

Ah! Ah! I am about to receive a visit from an admirer!

he exclaimed from afar  
when he first saw the little prince coming.  
For  
to conceited men  
all other men are admirers.  
Good morning  
said the little prince. "That is a queer hat you are wearing."  
It is a hat for salutes  
the conceited man replied. "It is to raise in salute when people acclaim  
me. Unfortunately  
nobody at all ever passes this way."  
Yes?  
said the little prince  
who did not understand what the conceited man was talking about.  
Clap your hands  
one against the other  
the conceited man now directed him.  
The little prince clapped his hands. The conceited man raised his hat in  
a modest salute.  
This is more entertaining than the visit to the king  
the little prince said to himself. And he began again to clap his hands  
one against the other. The conceited man against raised his hat in  
salute.  
After five minutes of this exercise the little prince grew tired of the  
game's monotony.  
And what should one do to make the hat come down?  
he asked.

But the conceited man did not hear him. Conceited people never hear anything but praise.

Do you really admire me very much?

he demanded of the little prince.

What does that mean-- 'admire'?

To admire mean that you regard me as the handsomest  
the best-dressed

the richest

and the most intelligent man on this planet.

But you are the only man on your planet!

Do me this kindness. Admire me just the same.

I admire you

said the little prince

shrugging his shoulders slightly

but what is there in that to interest you so much?

And the little prince went away.

The grown-ups are certainly very odd

he said to himself

as he continued on his journey.

[ Chapter 12 ]

- the little prince visits the tippler

The next planet was inhabited by a tippler. This was a very short visit  
but it plunged the little prince into deep dejection.

What are you doing there?

he said to the tippler

whom he found settled down in silence before a collection of empty  
bottles and also a collection of full bottles.

I am drinking

replied the tippler  
with a lugubrious air.  
Why are you drinking?  
demanded the little prince.  
So that I may forget  
replied the tippler.  
Forget what?  
inquired the little prince  
who already was sorry for him.  
Forget that I am ashamed  
the tippler confessed  
hanging his head.  
Ashamed of what?  
insisted the little prince  
who wanted to help him.  
Ashamed of drinking!  
The tippler brought his speech to an end  
and shut himself up in an impregnable silence.  
And the little prince went away  
puzzled.  
The grown-ups are certainly very  
very odd  
he said to himself  
as he continued on his journey.

[ Chapter 13 ]

- the little prince visits the businessman

The fourth planet belonged to a businessman. This man was so much occupied that he did not even raise his head at the little prince's arrival.

Good morning

the little prince said to him. "Your cigarette has gone out."

Three and two make five. Five and seven make twelve. Twelve and three make fifteen. Good morning. Fifteen and seven make twenty-two. Twenty-two and six make twenty-eight. I haven't time to light it again. Twenty-six and five make thirty-one. Phew! Then that makes five-hundred-and-one-million

six-hundred-twenty-two-thousand

seven-hundred-thirty-one.

Five hundred million what?

asked the little prince.

Eh? Are you still there? Five-hundred-and-one million-- I can't stop... I have so much to do! I am concerned with matters of consequence. I don't amuse myself with balderdash. Two and five make seven...

Five-hundred-and-one million what?

repeated the little prince

who never in his life had let go of a question once he had asked it.

The businessman raised his head.

During the fifty-four years that I have inhabited this planet

I have been disturbed only three times. The first time was twenty-two years ago

when some giddy goose fell from goodness knows where. He made the most frightful noise that resounded all over the place

and I made four mistakes in my addition. The second time eleven years ago

I was disturbed by an attack of rheumatism. I don't get enough exercise. I have no time for loafing. The third time-- well

this is it! I was saying

then

five -hundred-and-one millions--

Millions of what?

The businessman suddenly realized that there was no hope of being left in peace until he answered this question.

Millions of those little objects

he said

which one sometimes sees in the sky.

Flies?

Oh

no. Little glittering objects.

Bees?

Oh

no. Little golden objects that set lazy men to idle dreaming. As for me I am concerned with matters of consequence. There is no time for idle dreaming in my life.

Ah! You mean the stars?

Yes

that's it. The stars.

And what do you do with five-hundred millions of stars?

Five-hundred-and-one million

six-hundred-twenty-two thousand

seven-hundred-thirty-one. I am concerned with matters of consequence: I am accurate.

And what do you do with these stars?

What do I do with them?

Yes.

Nothing. I own them.

You own the stars?

Yes.

But I have already seen a king who--

Kings do not own

they reign over. It is a very different matter.

And what good does it do you to own the stars?

It does me the good of making me rich.

And what good does it do you to be rich?

It makes it possible for me to buy more stars  
if any are ever discovered.

This man

the little prince said to himself

reasons a little like my poor tippler...

Nevertheless

he still had some more questions.

How is it possible for one to own the stars?

To whom do they belong?

the businessman retorted

peevishly.

I don't know. To nobody.

Then they belong to me

because I was the first person to think of it.

Is that all that is necessary?

Certainly. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody

it is yours. When you discover an island that belongs to nobody

it is yours. When you get an idea before any one else

you take out a patent on it: it is yours. So with me: I own the stars  
because nobody else before me ever thought of owning them.

Yes

that is true

said the little prince. "And what do you do with them?"

I administer them

replied the businessman. "I count them and recount them. It is difficult.

But I am a man who is naturally interested in matters of consequence."

The little prince was still not satisfied.

If I owned a silk scarf

he said

I could put it around my neck and take it away with me. If I owned a flower

I could pluck that flower and take it away with me. But you cannot pluck the stars from heaven...

No. But I can put them in the bank.

Whatever does that mean?

That means that I write the number of my stars on a little paper. And then I put this paper in a drawer and lock it with a key.

And that is all?

That is enough

said the businessman.

It is entertaining

thought the little prince. "It is rather poetic. But it is of no great consequence."

On matters of consequence

the little prince had ideas which were very different from those of the grown-ups.

I myself own a flower

he continued his conversation with the businessman

which I water every day. I own three volcanoes  
which I clean out every week (for I also clean out the one that is  
extinct; one never knows). It is of some use to my volcanoes  
and it is of some use to my flower  
that I own them. But you are of no use to the stars...  
The businessman opened his mouth  
but he found nothing to say in answer. And the little prince went a

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[ Chapter 14 ]

- the little prince visits the lamplighter

The fifth planet was very strange. It was the smallest of all. There was  
just enough room on it for a street lamp and a lamplighter. The little prince  
was not able to reach any explanation of the use of a street lamp and a  
lamplighter

somewhere in the heavens  
on a planet which had no people  
and not one house. But he said to himself  
nevertheless:

It may well be that this man is absurd. But he is not so absurd as the  
king

the conceited man

the businessman

and the tippler. For at least his work has some meaning. When he  
lights his street lamp

it is as if he brought one more star to life  
or one flower. When he puts out his lamp  
he sends the flower

or the star

to sleep. That is a beautiful occupation. And since it is beautiful it is truly useful.

When he arrived on the planet he respectfully saluted the lamplighter.

Good morning. Why have you just put out your lamp?

Those are the orders

replied the lamplighter. "Good morning."

What are the orders?

The orders are that I put out my lamp. Good evening.

And he lighted his lamp again.

But why have you just lighted it again?

Those are the orders

replied the lamplighter.

I do not understand

said the little prince.

There is nothing to understand

said the lamplighter. "Orders are orders. Good morning."

And he put out his lamp.

Then he mopped his forehead with a handkerchief decorated with red squares.

I follow a terrible profession. In the old days it was reasonable. I put the lamp out in the morning

and in the evening I lighted it again. I had the rest of the day for relaxation and the rest of the night for sleep.

And the orders have been changed since that time?

The orders have not been changed

said the lamplighter. "That is the tragedy! From year to year the planet has turned more rapidly and the orders have not been changed!"

Then what?  
asked the little prince.

Then-- the planet now makes a complete turn every minute  
and I no longer have a single second for repose. Once every minute I  
have to light my lamp and put it out!

That is very funny! A day lasts only one minute  
here where you live!

It is not funny at all!

said the lamplighter. "While we have been talking together a month  
has gone by."

A month?

Yes

a month. Thirty minutes. Thirty days. Good evening.

And he lighted his lamp again.

As the little prince watched him

he felt that he loved this lamplighter who was so faithful to his orders.

He remembered the sunsets which he himself had gone to seek  
in other days

merely by pulling up his chair; and he wanted to help his friend.

You know

he said

I can tell you a way you can rest whenever you want to...

I always want to rest

said the lamplighter.

For it is possible for a man to be faithful and lazy at the same time.

The little prince went on with his explanation:

Your planet is so small that three strides will take you all the way  
around it. To be always in the sunshine

you need only walk along rather slowly. When you want to rest  
you will walk-- and the day will last as long as you like.

That doesn't do me much good

said the lamplighter. "The one thing I love in life is to sleep."

Then you're unlucky

said the little prince.

I am unlucky

said the lamplighter. "Good morning."

And he put out his lamp.

That man

said the little prince to himself

as he continued farther on his journey

that man would be scorned by all the others: by the king

by the conceited man

by the tippler

by the businessman. Nevertheless he is the only one of them all who

does not seem to me ridiculous. Perhaps that is because he is thinking of  
something else besides himself.

He breathed a sigh of regret

and said to himself

again:

That man is the only one of them all whom I could have made my  
friend. But his planet is indeed too small. There is no room on it for two  
people...

What the little prince did not dare confess was that he was sorry most  
of all to leave this planet

because it was blest every day with 1440 sunsets!

[ Chapter 15 ]

- the little prince visits the geographer

The sixth planet was ten times larger than the last one. It was inhabited by an old gentleman who wrote voluminous books.

Oh

look! Here is an explorer!

he exclaimed to himself when he saw the little prince coming.

The little prince sat down on the table and panted a little. He had already traveled so much and so far!

Where do you come from?

the old gentleman said to him.

What is that big book?

said the little prince. "What are you doing?"

I am a geographer

the old gentleman said to him.

What is a geographer?

asked the little prince.

A geographer is a scholar who knows the location of all the seas  
rivers

towns

mountains

and deserts.

That is very interesting

said the little prince. "Here at last is a man who has a real profession!"

And he cast a look around him at the planet of the geographer. It was the most magnificent and stately planet that he had ever seen.

Your planet is very beautiful

he said. "Has it any oceans?"

I couldn't tell you

said the geographer.

Ah!

The little prince was disappointed. "Has it any mountains?"

I couldn't tell you

said the geographer.

And towns

and rivers

and deserts?

I couldn't tell you that

either.

But you are a geographer!

Exactly

the geographer said. "But I am not an explorer. I haven't a single explorer on my planet. It is not the geographer who goes out to count the towns

the rivers

the mountains

the seas

the oceans

and the deserts. The geographer is much too important to go loafing about. He does not leave his desk. But he receives the explorers in his study. He asks them questions

and he notes down what they recall of their travels. And if the recollections of any one among them seem interesting to him

the geographer orders an inquiry into that explorer's moral character."

Why is that?

Because an explorer who told lies would bring disaster on the books of the geographer. So would an explorer who drank too much.

Why is that?  
asked the little prince.

Because intoxicated men see double. Then the geographer would note  
down two mountains in a place where there was only one.

I know some one  
said the little prince  
who would make a bad explorer.

That is possible. Then  
when the moral character of the explorer is shown to be good  
an inquiry is ordered into his discovery.

One goes to see it?

No. That would be too complicated. But one requires the explorer to  
furnish proofs. For example

if the discovery in question is that of a large mountain  
one requires that large stones be brought back from it.

The geographer was suddenly stirred to excitement.

But you-- you come from far away! You are an explorer! You shall  
describe your planet to me!

And

having opened his big register

the geographer sharpened his pencil. The recitals of explorers are put  
down first in pencil. One waits until the explorer has furnished proofs  
before putting them down in ink.

Well?

said the geographer expectantly.

Oh

where I live

said the little prince

it is not very interesting. It is all so small. I have three volcanoes. Two volcanoes are active and the other is extinct. But one never knows.

One never knows  
said the geographer.

I have also a flower.

We do not record flowers  
said the geographer.

Why is that? The flower is the most beautiful thing on my planet!

We do not record them  
said the geographer  
because they are ephemeral.

What does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?

Geographies  
said the geographer  
are the books which  
of all books

are most concerned with matters of consequence. They never become old-fashioned. It is very rarely that a mountain changes its position. It is very rarely that an ocean empties itself of its waters. We write of eternal things.

But extinct volcanoes may come to life again  
the little prince interrupted. "What does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?"  
Whether volcanoes are extinct or alive  
it comes to the same thing for us  
said the geographer. "The thing that matters to us is the mountain. It does not change."

But what does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?  
repeated the little prince

who never in his life had let go of a question  
once he had asked it.

It means

'which is in danger of speedy disappearance.'

Is my flower in danger of speedy disappearance?

Certainly it is.

My flower is ephemeral

the little prince said to himself

and she has only four thorns to defend herself against the world. And I

have left her on my planet

all alone!

That was his first moment of regret. But he took courage once more.

What place would you advise me to visit now?

he asked.

The planet Earth

replied the geographer. "It has a good reputation."

And the little prince went away

thinking of his flower.

[ Chapter 16 ]

- the narrator discusses the Earth's lamplighters

So then the seventh planet was the Earth.

The Earth is not just an ordinary planet! One can count

there 111 kings (not forgetting

to be sure

the Negro kings among them)

7000 geographers

900

000 businessmen

7

500

000 tipplers

311

000

000 conceited men-- that is to say  
about 2

000

000

000 grown-ups.

To give you an idea of the size of the Earth

I will tell you that before the invention of electricity it was necessary  
to maintain

over the whole of the six continents

a veritable army of 462

511 lamplighters for the street lamps.

Seen from a slight distance

that would make a splendid spectacle. The movements of this army  
would be regulated like those of the ballet in the opera. First would come  
the turn of the lamplighters of New Zealand and Australia. Having set their  
lamps alight

these would go off to sleep. Next

the lamplighters of China and Siberia would enter for their steps in the  
dance

and then they too would be waved back into the wings. After that  
would come the turn of the lamplighters of Russia and the Indies; then those  
of Africa and Europe

then those of South America; then those of South America; then those of North America. And never would they make a mistake in the order of their entry upon the stage. It would be magnificent.

Only the man who was in charge of the single lamp at the North Pole and his colleague who was responsible for the single lamp at the South Pole-- only these two would live free from toil and care: they would be busy twice a year.

[ Chapter 17 ]

- the little prince makes the acquaintance of the snake

When one wishes to play the wit

he sometimes wanders a little from the truth. I have not been altogether honest in what I have told you about the lamplighters. And I realize that I run the risk of giving a false idea of our planet to those who do not know it. Men occupy a very small place upon the Earth. If the two billion inhabitants who people its surface were all to stand upright and somewhat crowded together

as they do for some big public assembly

they could easily be put into one public square twenty miles long and twenty miles wide. All humanity could be piled up on a small Pacific islet.

The grown-ups

to be sure

will not believe you when you tell them that. They imagine that they fill a great deal of space. They fancy themselves as important as the baobabs. You should advise them

then

to make their own calculations. They adore figures

and that will please them. But do not waste your time on this extra task. It is unnecessary. You have

I know  
confidence in me.

When the little prince arrived on the Earth  
he was very much surprised not to see any people. He was beginning  
to be afraid he had come to the wrong planet

when a coil of gold  
the color of the moonlight  
flashed across the sand.

Good evening  
said the little prince courteously.

Good evening  
said the snake.

What planet is this on which I have come down?  
asked the little prince.

This is the Earth; this is Africa  
the snake answered.

Ah! Then there are no people on the Earth?

This is the desert. There are no people in the desert. The Earth is large  
said the snake.

The little prince sat down on a stone  
and raised his eyes toward the sky.

I wonder  
he said

whether the stars are set alight in heaven so that one day each one of us  
may find his own again... Look at my planet. It is right there above us. But  
how far away it is!

It is beautiful  
the snake said. "What has brought you here?"

I have been having some trouble with a flower  
said the little prince.

Ah!

said the snake.

And they were both silent.

Where are the men?

the little prince at last took up the conversation again. "It is a little  
lonely in the desert..."

It is also lonely among men

the snake said.

The little prince gazed at him for a long time.

You are a funny animal

he said at last. "You are no thicker than a finger..."

But I am more powerful than the finger of a king

said the snake.

The little prince smiled.

You are not very powerful. You haven't even any feet. You cannot even  
travel...

I can carry you farther than any ship could take you

said the snake.

He twined himself around the little prince's ankle

like a golden bracelet.

Whomever I touch

I send back to the earth from whence he came

the snake spoke again. "But you are innocent and true

and you come from a star..."

The little prince made no reply.

You move me to pity-- you are s

## Chapter\_3

o weak on this Earth made of granite  
the snake said. "I can help you  
some day  
if you grow too homesick for your own planet. I can--"  
Oh! I understand you very well  
said the little prince. "But why do you always speak in riddles?"  
I solve them all  
said the snake.  
And they were both silent.

[ Chapter 18 ]

- the little prince goes looking for men and meets a flower

The little prince crossed the desert and met with only one flower. It  
was a flower with three petals

a flower of no account at all.

Good morning  
said the little prince.

Good morning  
said the flower.

Where are the men?  
the little prince asked  
politely.

The flower had once seen a caravan passing.

Men?

she echoed. "I think there are six or seven of them in existence. I saw  
them

several years ago. But one never knows where to find them. The wind blows them away. They have no roots and that makes their life very difficult."

Goodbye

said the little prince.

Goodbye

said the flower.

[ Chapter 19 ]

- the little prince climbs a mountain range

After that

the little prince climbed a high mountain. The only mountains he had ever known were the three volcanoes

which came up to his knees. And he used the extinct volcano as a footstool. "From a mountain as high as this one

he said to himself

I shall be able to see the whole planet at one glance

and all the people..."

But he saw nothing

save peaks of rock that were sharpened like needles.

Good morning

he said courteously.

Good morning--Good morning--Good morning

answered the echo.

Who are you?

said the little prince.

Who are you--Who are you--Who are you?

answered the echo.

Be my friends. I am all alone

he said.

I am all alone--all alone--all alone

answered the echo.

What a queer planet!

he thought. "It is altogether dry

and altogether pointed

and altogether harsh and forbidding. And the people have no

imagination. They repeat whatever one says to them... On my planet I had a flower; she always was the first to speak..."

[ Chapter 20 ]

- the little prince discovers a garden of roses

But it happened that after walking for a long time through sand

and rocks

and snow

the little prince at last came upon a road. And all roads lead to the abodes of men.

Good morning

he said.

He was standing before a garden

all a-bloom with roses.

Good morning

said the roses.

The little prince gazed at them. They all looked like his flower.

Who are you?

he demanded

thunderstruck.

We are roses

the roses said.

And he was overcome with sadness. His flower had told him that she was the only one of her kind in all the universe. And here were five thousand of them

all alike

in one single garden!

She would be very much annoyed

he said to himself

if she should see that... she would cough most dreadfully

and she would pretend that she was dying

to avoid being laughed at. And I should be obliged to pretend that I was nursing her back to life-- for if I did not do that

to humble myself also

she would really allow herself to die...

Then he went on with his reflections: "I thought that I was rich with a flower that was unique in all the world; and all I had was a common rose. A common rose

and three volcanoes that come up to my knees-- and one of them perhaps extinct forever... that doesn't make me a very great prince..."

And he lay down in the grass and cried.

[ Chapter 21 ]

- the little prince befriends the fox

It was then that the fox appeared.

Good morning

said the fox.

Good morning

the little prince responded politely

although when he turned around he saw nothing.

I am right here

the voice said  
under the apple tree.  
Who are you?  
asked the little prince  
and added  
You are very pretty to look at.  
I am a fox  
said the fox.  
Come and play with me  
proposed the little prince. "I am so unhappy."  
I cannot play with you  
the fox said. "I am not tamed."  
Ah! Please excuse me  
said the little prince.  
But  
after some thought  
he added:  
What does that mean-- 'tame'?  
You do not live here  
said the fox. "What is it that you are looking for?"  
I am looking for men  
said the little prince. "What does that mean-- 'tame'?"  
Men  
said the fox. "They have guns  
and they hunt. It is very disturbing. They also raise chickens. These are  
their only interests. Are you looking for chickens?"  
No

said the little prince. "I am looking for friends. What does that mean--  
'tame'?"

It is an act too often neglected

said the fox. It means to establish ties."

"To establish ties"?

Just that

said the fox. "To me

you are still nothing more than a little boy who is just like a hundred  
thousand other little boys. And I have no need of you. And you

on your part

have no need of me. To you

I am nothing more than a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But  
if you tame me

then we shall need each other. To me

you will be unique in all the world. To you

I shall be unique in all the world..."

I am beginning to understand

said the little prince. "There is a flower... I think that she has tamed  
me..."

It is possible

said the fox. "On the Earth one sees all sorts of things."

Oh

but this is not on the Earth!

said the little prince.

The fox seemed perplexed

and very curious.

On another planet?

Yes.

Are there hunters on this planet?

No.

Ah

that is interesting! Are there chickens?

No.

Nothing is perfect

sighed the fox.

But he came back to his idea.

My life is very monotonous

the fox said. "I hunt chickens; men hunt me. All the chickens are just alike

and all the men are just alike. And

in consequence

I am a little bored. But if you tame me

it will be as if the sun came to shine on my life . I shall know the sound of a step that will be different from all the others. Other steps send me hurrying back underneath the ground. Yours will call me like music

out of my burrow. And then look: you see the grain-fields down yonder? I do not eat bread. Wheat is of no use to me. The wheat fields have nothing to say to me. And that is sad. But you have hair that is the colour of gold. Think how wonderful that will be when you have tamed me! The grain

which is also golden

will bring me back the thought of you. And I shall love to listen to the wind in the wheat..."

The fox gazed at the little prince

for a long time.

Please-- tame me!

he said.

I want to

very much

the little prince replied. "But I have not much time. I have friends to discover

and a great many things to understand."

One only understands the things that one tames

said the fox. "Men have no more time to understand anything. They buy things all ready made at the shops. But there is no shop anywhere where one can buy friendship

and so men have no friends any more. If you want a friend tame me..."

What must I do

to tame you?

asked the little prince.

You must be very patient

replied the fox. "First you will sit down at a little distance from me-- like that-- in the grass. I shall look at you out of the corner of my eye and you will say nothing. Words are the source of misunderstandings.

But you will sit a little closer to me every day..."

The next day the little prince came back.

It would have been better to come back at the same hour

said the fox. "If

for example

you come at four o'clock in the afternoon

then at three o'clock I shall begin to be happy. I shall feel happier and happier as the hour advances. At four o'clock

I shall already be worrying and jumping about. I shall show you how happy I am! But if you come at just any time

I shall never know at what hour my heart is to be ready to greet you... One must observe the proper rites..."

What is a rite?

asked the little prince.

Those also are actions too often neglected

said the fox. "They are what make one day different from other days

one hour from other hours. There is a rite

for example

among my hunters. Every Thursday they dance with the village girls.

So Thursday is a wonderful day for me! I can take a walk as far as the vineyards. But if the hunters danced at just any time

every day would be like every other day

and I should never have any vacation at all."

So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hour of his departure drew near--

Ah

said the fox

I shall cry.

It is your own fault

said the little prince. "I never wished you any sort of harm; but you wanted me to tame you..."

Yes

that is so

said the fox.

But now you are going to cry!  
said the little prince.

Yes  
that is so  
said the fox.

Then it has done you no good at all!  
It has done me good  
said the fox

because of the color of the wheat fields.

And then he added:

Go and look again at the roses. You will understand now that yours is  
unique in all the world. Then come back to say goodbye to me  
and I will make you a present of a secret.

The little prince went away  
to look again at the roses.

You are not at all like my rose  
he said. "As yet you are nothing. No one has tamed you  
and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox when I first knew  
him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But I have  
made him my friend

and now he is unique in all the world."

And the roses were very much embarrassed.

You are beautiful  
but you are empty

he went on. "One could not die for you. To be sure  
an ordinary passerby would think that my rose looked just like you--  
the rose that belongs to me. But in herself alone she is more important than  
all the hundreds of you other roses: because it is she that I have watered;

because it is she that I have put under the glass globe; because it is she that I have sheltered behind the screen; because it is for her that I have killed the caterpillars (except the two or three that we saved to become butterflies); because it is she that I have listened to

when she grumbled

or boasted

or even sometimes when she said nothing. Because she is my rose.

And he went back to meet the fox.

Goodbye

he said.

Goodbye

said the fox. "And now here is my secret

a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly;

what is essential is invisible to the eye."

What is essential is invisible to the eye

the little prince repeated

so that he would be sure to remember.

It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so important.

It is the time I have wasted for my rose--

said the little prince

so that he would be sure to remember.

Men have forgotten this truth

said the fox. "But you must not forget it. You become responsible forever

for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose..."

I am responsible for my rose

the little prince repeated

so that he would be sure to remember.

[ Chapter 22 ]

- the little prince encounters a railway switchman

Good morning

said the little prince.

Good morning

said the railway switchman.

What do you do here?

the little prince asked.

I sort out travelers

in bundles of a thousand

said the switchman. "I send off the trains that carry them; now to the right

now to the left."

And a brilliantly lighted express train shook the switchman's cabin as it rushed by with a roar like thunder.

They are in a great hurry

said the little prince. "What are they looking for?"

Not even the locomotive engineer knows that

said the switchman.

And a second brilliantly lighted express thundered by in the opposite direction.

Are they coming back already?

demanded the little prince.

These are not the same ones

said the switchman. "It is an exchange."

Were they not satisfied where they were?

asked the little prince.

No one is ever satisfied where he is  
said the switchman.

And they heard the roaring thunder of a third brilliantly lighted  
express.

Are they pursuing the first travelers?  
demanded the little prince.

They are pursuing nothing at all  
said the switchman. "They are asleep in there  
or if they are not asleep they are yawning. Only the children are  
flattening their noses against the windowpanes."

Only the children know what they are looking for  
said the little prince. "They waste their time over a rag doll and it  
becomes very important to them; and if anybody takes it away from them  
they cry..."

They are lucky  
the switchman said.

[ Chapter 23 ]

- the little prince encounters a merchant

Good morning  
said the little prince.

Good morning  
said the merchant.

This was a merchant who sold pills that had been invented to quench  
thirst. You need only swallow one pill a week

and you would feel no need of anything to drink.

Why are you selling those?  
asked the little prince.

Because they save a tremendous amount of time

said the merchant. "Computations have been made by experts. With these pills

you save fifty-three minutes in every week."

And what do I do with those fifty-three minutes?

Anything you like...

As for me

said the little prince to himself

if I had fifty-three minutes to spend as I liked

I should walk at my leisure toward a spring of fresh water.

[ Chapter 24 ]

- the narrator and the little prince

thirsty

hunt for a well in the desert

It was now the eighth day since I had had my accident in the desert and I had listened to the story of the merchant as I was drinking the last drop of my water supply.

Ah

I said to the little prince

these memories of yours are very charming; but I have not yet succeeded in repairing my plane; I have nothing more to drink; and I too

should be very happy if I could walk at my leisure toward a spring of fresh water!

My friend the fox--

the little prince said to me.

My dear little man

this is no longer a matter that has anything to do with the fox!

Why not?

Because I am about to die of thirst...  
He did not follow my reasoning  
and he answered me:  
It is a good thing to have had a friend  
even if one is about to die. I  
for instance  
am very glad to have had a fox as a friend...  
He has no way of guessing the danger  
I said to myself. "He has never been either hungry or thirsty. A little  
sunshine is all he needs..."  
But he looked at me steadily  
and replied to my thought:  
I am thirsty  
too. Let us look for a well...  
I made a gesture of weariness. It is absurd to look for a well  
at random  
in the immensity of the desert. But nevertheless we started walking.  
When we had trudged along for several hours  
in silence  
the darkness fell  
and the stars began to come out. Thirst had made me a little feverish  
and I looked at them as if I were in a dream. The little prince's last  
words came reeling back into my memory:  
Then you are thirsty  
too?  
I demanded.  
But he did not reply to my question. He merely said to me:  
Water may also be good for the heart...

I did not understand this answer  
but I said nothing. I knew very well that it was impossible to cross-examine him.

He was tired. He sat down. I sat down beside him. And  
after a little silence  
he spoke again:

The stars are beautiful  
because of a flower that cannot be seen.

I replied

Yes  
that is so.

And

without saying anything more

I looked across the ridges of sand that were stretched out before us in  
the moonlight.

The desert is beautiful  
the little prince added.

And that was true. I have always loved the desert. One sits down on a  
desert sand dune

sees nothing  
hears nothing. Yet through the silence something throbs  
and gleams...

What makes the desert beautiful  
said the little prince  
is that somewhere it hides a well...

I was astonished by a sudden understanding of that mysterious  
radiation of the sands. When I was a little boy I lived in an old house  
and legend told us that a treasure was buried there. To be sure

no one had ever known how to find it; perhaps no one had ever even looked for it. But it cast an enchantment over that house. My home was hiding a secret in the depths of its heart...

Yes

I said to the little prince. "The house  
the stars  
the desert-- what gives them their beauty is something that is invisible!"

I am glad  
he said  
that you agree with my fox.  
As the little prince dropped off to sleep  
I took him in my arms and set out walking once more. I felt deeply moved  
and stirred. It seemed to me that I was carrying a very fragile treasure.  
It seemed to me

even  
that there was nothing more fragile on all Earth. In the moonlight I looked at his pale forehead  
his closed eyes  
his locks of hair that trembled in the wind  
and I said to myself: "What I see here is nothing but a shell. What is most important is invisible..."

As his lips opened slightly with the suspicious of a half-smile

I said to myself

again: "What moves me so deeply  
about this little prince who is sleeping here

is his loyalty to a flower-- the image of a rose that shines through his whole being like the flame of a lamp

even when he is asleep..." And I felt him to be more fragile still. I felt the need of protecting him

as if he himself were a flame that might be extinguished by a little puff of wind...

And

as I walked on so

I found the well

at daybreak.

[ Chapter 25 ]

- finding a well

the narrator and the little prince discuss his return to his planet

Men

said the little prince

set out on their way in express trains

but they do not know what they are looking for. Then they rush about and get excited

and turn round and round...

And he added:

It is not worth the trouble...

The well that we had come to was not like the wells of the Sahara. The wells of the Sahara are mere holes dug in the sand. This one was like a well in a village. But there was no village here

and I thought I must be dreaming...

It is strange

I said to the little prince. "Everything is ready for use: the pulley the bucket

the rope..."

He laughed

touched the rope

and set the pulley to working. And the pulley moaned

like an old weathervane which the wind has long since forgotten.

Do you hear?

said the little prince. "We have wakened the well

and it is singing..."

I did not want him to tire himself with the rope.

Leave it to me

I said. "It is too heavy for you."

I hoisted the bucket slowly to the edge of the well and set it there--

happy

tired as I was

over my achievement. The song of the pulley was still in my ears

and I could see the sunlight shimmer in the still trembling water.

I am thirsty for this water

said the little prince. "Give me some of it to drink..."

And I understood what he had been looking for.

I raised the bucket to his lips. He drank

his eyes closed. It was as sweet as some special festival treat. This

water was indeed a different thing from ordinary nourishment. Its sweetness

was born of the walk under the stars

the song of the pulley

the effort of my arms. It was good for the heart

like a present. When I was a little boy

the lights of the Christmas tree

the music of the Midnight Mass

the tenderness of smiling faces  
used to make up  
so  
the radiance of the gifts I received.  
The men where you live  
said the little prince  
raise five thousand roses in the same garden-- and they do not find in it  
what they are looking for.  
They do not find it  
I replied.  
And yet what they are looking for could be found in one single rose  
or in a little water.  
Yes  
that is true  
I said.  
And the little prince added:  
But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart...  
I had drunk the water. I breathed easily. At sunrise the sand is the color  
of honey. And that honey color was making me happy  
too. What brought me  
then  
this sense of grief?  
You must keep your promise  
said the little prince  
softly  
as he sat down beside me once more.  
What promise?  
You know-- a muzzle for my sheep... I am responsible for this flower...

I took my rough drafts of drawings out of my pocket. The little prince  
looked them over

and laughed as he said:

Your baobabs-- they look a little like cabbages.

Oh!

I had been so proud of my baobabs!

Your fox-- his ears look a little like horns; and they are too long.

And he laughed again.

You are not fair

little prince

I said. "I don't know how to draw anything except boa constrictors  
from the outside and boa constrictors from the inside."

Oh

that will be all right

he said

children understand.

So then I made a pencil sketch of a muzzle. And as I gave it to him my  
heart was torn.

You have plans that I do not know about

I said.

But he did not answer me. He said to me

instead:

You know-- my descent to the earth... Tomorrow will be its  
anniversary.

Then

after a silence

he went on:

I came down very near here.

And he flushed.

And once again

without understanding why

I had a queer sense of sorrow. One question

however

occurred to me:

Then it was not by chance that on the morning when I first met you-- a week ago-- you were strolling along like that

all alone

a thousand miles from any inhabited region? You were on the your back to the place where you landed?

The little prince flushed again.

And I added

with some hesitancy:

Perhaps it was because of the anniversary?

The little prince flushed once more. He never answered questions-- but when one flushes does that not mean "Yes"?

Ah

I said to him

I am a little frightened--

But he interrupted me.

Now you must work. You must return to your engine. I will be waiting for you here. Come back tomorrow evening...

But I was not reassured. I remembered the fox. One runs the risk of weeping a little

if one lets himself be tamed...

[ Chapter 26 ]

- the little prince converses with the snake; the little prince consoles the narrator; the little prince returns to his planet

Beside the well there was the ruin of an old stone wall. When I came back from my work

the next evening

I saw from some distance away my little prince sitting on top of a wall with his feet dangling. And I heard him say:

Then you don't remember. This is not the exact spot.

Another voice must have answered him  
for he replied to it:

Yes

yes! It is the right day

but this is not the place.

I continued my walk toward the wall. At no time did I see or hear anyone. The little prince

however

replied once again:

--Exactly. You will see where my track begins

in the sand. You have nothing to do but wait for me there. I shall be there tonight.

I was only twenty metres from the wall

and I still saw nothing.

After a silence the little prince spoke again:

You have good poison? You are sure that it will not make me suffer too long?

I stopped in my tracks

my heart torn asunder; but still I did not understand.

Now go away

said the little prince. "I want to get down from the wall."

I dropped my eyes

then

to the foot of the wall-- and I leaped into the air. There before me

facing the little prince

was one of those yellow snakes that take just thirty seconds to bring your life to an end. Even as I was digging into my pocket to get out my revolver I made a running step back. But

at the noise I made

the snake let himself flow easily across the sand like the dying spray of a fountain

and

in no apparent hurry

disappeared

with a light metallic sound

among the stones.

I reached the wall just in time to catch my little man in my arms; his face was white as snow.

What does this mean?

I demanded. "Why are you talking with snakes?"

I had loosened the golden muffler that he always wore. I had moistened his temples

and had given him some water to drink. And now I did not dare ask him any more questions. He looked at me very gravely

and put his arms around my neck. I felt his heart beating like the heart of a dying bird

shot with someone's rifle...

I am glad that you have found what was the matter with your engine

he said. "Now you can go back home--"

How do you know about that?

I was just coming to tell him that my work had been successful  
beyond anything that I had dared to hope.

He made no answer to my question  
but he added:

I

too

am going back home today...

Then

sadly--

It is much farther... it is much more difficult...

I realised clearly that something extraordinary was happening. I was  
holding him close in my arms as if he were a little child; and yet it seemed  
to me that he was rushing headlong toward an abyss from which I could do  
nothing to restrain him...

His look was very serious  
like some one lost far away.

I have your sheep. And I have the sheep's box. And I have the  
muzzle...

And he gave me a sad smile.

I waited a long time. I could see that he was reviving little by little.

Dear little man

I said to him  
you are afraid...

He was afraid

there was no doubt about that. But he laughed lightly.

I shall be much more afraid this evening...

Once again I felt myself frozen by the sense of something irreparable.  
And I knew that I could not bear the thought of never hearing that laughter  
any more. For me

it was like a spring of fresh water in the desert.

Little man

I said

I want to hear you laugh again.

But he said to me:

Tonight

it will be a year... my star

then

can be found right above the place where I came to the Earth

a year ago...

Little man

I said

tell me that it is only a bad dream-- this affair of the snake

and the meeting-place

and the star...

But he did not answer my plea. He said to me

instead: "The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen..."

Yes

I know...

It is just as it is with the flower. If you love a flower that lives on a star

it is sweet to look at the sky at night. All the stars are a-bloom with

flowers...

Yes

I know...

It is just as it is with the water. Because of the pulley

and the rope  
what you gave me to drink was like music. You remember-- how good  
it was.

Yes

I know...

And at night you will look up at the stars. Where I live everything is so  
small that I cannot show you where my star is to be found. It is better  
like that. My star will just be one of the stars  
for you. And so you will love to watch all the stars in the heavens...  
they will all be your friends. And

besides

I am going to make you a present...

He laughed again.

Ah

little prince

dear little prince! I love to hear that laughter!

That is my present. Just that. It will be as it was when we drank the  
water...

What are you trying to say?

All men have the stars

he answered

but they are not the same things for different people. For some  
who are travelers  
the stars are guides. For others they are no more than little lights in the  
sky. For others

who are scholars

they are problems . For my businessman they were wealth. But all  
these stars are silent. You-- you alone-- will have the stars as no one else

has them--

What are you trying to say?

In one of the stars I shall be living. In one of them I shall be laughing.  
And so it will be as if all the stars were laughing  
when you look at the sky at night... you-- only you-- will have stars  
that can laugh!

And he laughed again.

And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you  
will be content that you have known me. You will always be my friend. You  
will want to laugh with me. And you will sometimes open your window  
so

for that pleasure... and your friends will be properly astonished to see  
you laughing as you look up at the sky! Then you will say to them

'Yes

the stars always make me laugh!' And they will think you are crazy. It  
will be a very shabby trick that I shall have played on you...

And he laughed again.

It will be as if

in place of the stars

I had given you a great number of little bells that knew how to laugh...

And he laughed again. Then he quickly became serious:

Tonight-- you know... do not come

said the little prince.

I shall not leave you

I said.

I shall look as if I were suffering. I shall look a little as if I were dying.  
It is like that. Do not come to see that. It is not worth the trouble...

I shall not leave you.

But he was worried.

I tell you-- it is also because of the snake. He must not bite you.

Snakes-- they are malicious creatures. This one might bite you just for fun...

I shall not leave you.

But a thought came to reassure him:

It is true that they have no more poison for a second bite.

That night I did not see him set out on his way. He got away from me without making a sound. When I succeeded in catching up with him he was walking along with a quick and resolute step. He said to me merely:

Ah! You are there...

And he took me by the hand. But he was still worrying.

It was wrong of you to come. You will suffer. I shall look as if I were dead; and that will not be true...

I said nothing.

You understand... it is too far. I cannot carry this body with me. It is too heavy.

I said nothing.

But it will be like an old abandoned shell. There is nothing sad about old shells...

I said nothing.

He was a little discouraged. But he made one more effort:

You know

it will be very nice. I

too

shall look at the stars. All the stars will be wells with a rusty pulley.

All the stars will pour out fresh water for me to drink...

I said nothing.

That will be so amusing! You will have five hundred million little bells

and I shall have five hundred million springs of fresh water...

And he too said nothing more

because he was crying...

Here it is. Let me go on by myself.

And he sat down

because he was afraid. Then he said

again:

You know-- my flower... I am responsible for her. And she is so weak!

She is so naïf! She has four thorns

of no use at all

to protect herself against all the world...

I too sat down

because I was not able to stand up any longer.

There now-- that is all...

He still hesitated a little; then he got up. He took one step. I could not move.

There was nothing but a flash of yellow close to his ankle. He remained motionless for an instant. He did not cry out. He fell as gently as a tree falls. There was not even any sound

because of the sand.

[ Chapter 27 ]

- the narrator's afterthoughts

And now six years have already gone by...

I have never yet told t

## Chapter\_4

his story. The companions who met me on my return were well content to see me alive. I was sad

but I told them: "I am tired."

Now my sorrow is comforted a little. That is to say-- not entirely. But I know that he did go back to his planet

because I did not find his body at daybreak. It was not such a heavy body... and at night I love to listen to the stars. It is like five hundred million little bells...

But there is one extraordinary thing... when I drew the muzzle for the little prince

I forgot to add the leather strap to it. He will never have been able to fasten it on his sheep. So now I keep wondering: what is happening on his planet? Perhaps the sheep has eaten the flower...

At one time I say to myself: "Surely not! The little prince shuts his flower under her glass globe every night

and he watches over his sheep very carefully..." Then I am happy. And there is sweetness in the laughter of all the stars.

But at another time I say to myself: "At some moment or other one is absent-minded

and that is enough! On some one evening he forgot the glass globe or the sheep got out

without making any noise

in the night..." And then the little bells are changed to tears...

Here

then

is a great mystery. For you who also love the little prince

and for me

nothing in the universe can be the same if somewhere

we do not know where

a sheep that we never saw has-- yes or no?-- eaten a rose...

Look up at the sky. Ask yourselves: is it yes or no? Has the sheep eaten the flower? And you will see how everything changes...

And no grown-up will ever understand that this is a matter of so much importance!

This is

to me

the loveliest and saddest landscape in the world. It is the same as that on the preceding page

but I have drawn it again to impress it on your memory. It is here that the little prince appeared on Earth

and disappeared.

Look at it carefully so that you will be sure to recognise it in case you travel some day to the African desert. And

if you should come upon this spot

please do not hurry on. Wait for a time

exactly under the star. Then

if a little man appears who laughs

who has golden hair and who refuses to answer questions

you will know who he is. If this should happen

please comfort me. Send me word that he has come back.

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The grown-ups are certainly altogether extraordinary

he said simply

talking to himself as he continued on his journey.

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To Leon Werth

I ask the indulgence of the children who may read this book for dedicating it to a grown-up. I have a serious reason: he is the best friend I have in the world. I have another reason: this grown-up understands everything

even books about children. I have a third reason: he lives in France where he is hungry and cold. He needs cheering up. If all these reasons are not enough

I will dedicate the book to the child from whom this grown-up grew. All grown-ups were once children-- although few of them remember it. And so I correct my dedication:

To Leon Werth

when he was a little boy

[ Chapter 1 ]

- we are introduced to the narrator

a pilot

and his ideas about grown-ups

Once when I was six years old I saw a magnificent picture in a book called True Stories from Nature

about the primeval forest. It was a picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.

In the book it said: "Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole without chewing it. After that they are not able to move

and they sleep through the six months that they need for digestion."

I pondered deeply

then

over the adventures of the jungle. And after some work with a colored pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing. My Drawing Number One. It looked like this:

I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups

and asked them whether the drawing frightened them.

But they answered: "Frighten? Why should any one be frightened by a hat?"

My drawing was not a picture of a hat. It was a picture of a boa constrictor digesting an elephant. But since the grown-ups were not able to understand it

I made another drawing: I drew the inside of the boa constrictor

so that the grown-ups could see it clearly. They always need to have things explained. My Drawing Number Two looked like this:

The grown-ups' response

this time

was to advise me to lay aside my drawings of boa constrictors

whether from the inside or the outside

and devote myself instead to geography

history

arithmetic and grammar. That is why

at the age of six

I gave up what might have been a magnificent career as a painter. I had been disheartened by the failure of my Drawing Number One and my Drawing Number Two. Grown-ups never understand anything by themselves

and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them.

So then I chose another profession  
and learned to pilot airplanes. I have flown a little over all parts of the world; and it is true that geography has been very useful to me. At a glance I can distinguish China from Arizona. If one gets lost in the night such knowledge is valuable.

In the course of this life I have had a great many encounters with a great many people who have been concerned with matters of consequence. I have lived a great deal among grown-ups. I have seen them intimately close at hand. And that hasn't much improved my opinion of them. Whenever I met one of them who seemed to me at all clear-sighted I tried the experiment of showing him my Drawing Number One which I have always kept. I would try to find out

so

if this was a person of true understanding. But

whoever it was

he

or she

would always say:

That is a hat.

Then I would never talk to that person about boa constrictors

or primeval forests

or stars. I would bring myself down to his level. I would talk to him about bridge

and golf

and politics

and neckties. And the grown-up would be greatly pleased to have met such a sensible man.

[ Chapter 2 ]

- the narrator crashes in the desert and makes the acquaintance of the little prince

So I lived my life alone  
without anyone that I could really talk to  
until I had an accident with my plane in the Desert of Sahara  
six years ago. Something was broken in my engine. And as I had with me neither a mechanic nor any passengers

I set myself to attempt the difficult repairs all alone. It was a question of life or death for me: I had scarcely enough drinking water to last a week.

The first night

then

I went to sleep on the sand  
a thousand miles from any human habitation. I was more isolated than a shipwrecked sailor on a raft in the middle of the ocean. Thus you can imagine my amazement

at sunrise

when I was awakened by an odd little voice. It said:

If you please-- draw me a sheep!

What!

Draw me a sheep!

I jumped to my feet  
completely thunderstruck. I blinked my eyes hard. I looked carefully all around me. And I saw a most extraordinary small person

who stood there examining me with great seriousness. Here you may see the best potrait that

later

I was able to make of him. But my drawing is certainly very much less charming than its model.

That

however

is not my fault. The grown-ups discouraged me in my painter's career when I was six years old

and I never learned to draw anything

except boas from the outside and boas from the inside.

Now I stared at this sudden apparition with my eyes fairly starting out of my head in astonishment. Remember

I had crashed in the desert a thousand miles from any inhabited region. And yet my little man seemed neither to be straying uncertainly among the sands

nor to be fainting from fatigue or hunger or thirst or fear. Nothing about him gave any suggestion of a child lost in the middle of the desert a thousand miles from any human habitation. When at last I was able to speak

I said to him:

But-- what are you doing here?

And in answer he repeated

very slowly

as if he were speaking of a matter of great consequence: "If you please-- draw me a sheep..."

When a mystery is too overpowering

one dare not disobey. Absurd as it might seem to me

a thousand miles from any human habitation and in danger of death

I took out of my pocket a sheet of paper and my fountain-pen. But then  
I remembered how my studies had been concentrated on geography

history

arithmetic

and grammar

and I told the little chap (a little crossly

too) that I did not know how to draw. He answered me:

That doesn't matter. Draw me a sheep...

But I had never drawn a sheep. So I drew for him one of the two  
pictures I had drawn so often. It was that of the boa constrictor from the  
outside. And I was astounded to hear the little fellow greet it with

No

no

no! I do not want an elephant inside a boa constrictor. A boa  
constrictor is a very dangerous creature

and an elephant is very cumbersome. Where I live

everything is very small. What I need is a sheep. Draw me a sheep.

So then I made a drawing.

He looked at it carefully

then he said:

No. This sheep is already very sickly. Make me another.

So I made another drawing.

My friend smiled gently and indulgently.

You see yourself

he said

that this is not a sheep. This is a ram. It has horns.

So then I did my drawing over once more.

But it was rejected too

just like the others.

This one is too old. I want a sheep that will live a long time.

By this time my patience was exhausted

because I was in a hurry to start taking my engine apart. So I tossed off this drawing.

And I threw out an explanation with it.

This is only his box. The sheep you asked for is inside.

I was very surprised to see a light break over the face of my young judge:

That is exactly the way I wanted it! Do you think that this sheep will have to have a great deal of grass?

Why?

Because where I live everything is very small...

There will surely be enough grass for him

I said. "It is a very small sheep that I have given you."

He bent his head over the drawing:

Not so small that-- Look! He has gone to sleep...

And that is how I made the acquaintance of the little prince.

[ Chapter 3 ]

- the narrator learns more about from where the little prince came

It took me a long time to learn where he came from. The little prince who asked me so many questions

never seemed to hear the ones I asked him. It was from words dropped by chance that

little by little

everything was revealed to me.

The first time he saw my airplane

for instance (I shall not draw my airplane; that would be much too complicated for me)

he asked me:

What is that object?

That is not an object. It flies. It is an airplane. It is my airplane.

And I was proud to have him learn that I could fly.

He cried out

then:

What! You dropped down from the sky?

Yes

I answered

modestly.

Oh! That is funny!

And the little prince broke into a lovely peal of laughter

which irritated me very much. I like my misfortunes to be taken seriously.

Then he added:

So you

too

come from the sky! Which is your planet?

At that moment I caught a gleam of light in the impenetrable mystery of his presence; and I demanded

abruptly:

Do you come from another planet?

But he did not reply. He tossed his head gently without taking his eyes from my plane:

It is true that on that you can't have come from very far away...

And he sank into a reverie

which lasted a long time. Then  
taking my sheep out of his pocket  
he buried himself in the contemplation of his treasure.

You can imagine how my curiosity was aroused by this half-  
confidence about the "other planets." I made a great effort  
therefore  
to find out more on this subject.

My little man  
where do you come from? What is this 'where I live  
' of which you speak? Where do you want to take your sheep?  
After a reflective silence he answered:

The thing that is so good about the box you have given me is that at  
night he can use it as his house.

That is so. And if you are good I will give you a string  
too  
so that you can tie him during the day  
and a post to tie him to.

But the little prince seemed shocked by this offer:  
Tie him! What a queer idea!

But if you don't tie him

I said  
he will wander off somewhere  
and get lost.

My friend broke into another peal of laughter:

But where do you think he would go?

Anywhere. Straight ahead of him.

Then the little prince said  
earnestly:

That doesn't matter. Where I live  
everything is so small!

And

with perhaps a hint of sadness

he added:

Straight ahead of him

nobody can go very far...

[ Chapter 4 ]

- the narrator speculates as to which asteroid from which the little  
prince came

I had thus learned a second fact of great importance: this was that the  
planet the little prince came from was scarcely any larger than a house!

But that did not really surprise me much. I knew very well that in  
addition to the great planets-- such as the Earth

Jupiter

Mars

Venus-- to which we have given names

there are also hundreds of others

some of which are so small that one has a hard time seeing them  
through the telescope. When an astronomer discovers one of these he does  
not give it a name

but only a number. He might call it

for example

Asteroid 325.

I have serious reason to believe that the planet from which the little  
prince came is the asteroid known as B-612.

This asteroid has only once been seen through the telescope. That was  
by a Turkish astronomer

in 1909.

On making his discovery

the astronomer had presented it to the International Astronomical

Congress

in a great demonstration. But he was in Turkish costume

and so nobody would believe what he said.

Grown-ups are like that...

Fortunately

however

for the reputation of Asteroid B-612

a Turkish dictator made a law that his subjects

under pain of death

should change to European costume. So in 1920 the astronomer gave his demonstration all over again

dressed with impressive style and elegance. And this time everybody accepted his report.

If I have told you these details about the asteroid

and made a note of its number for you

it is on account of the grown-ups and their ways. When you tell them that you have made a new friend

they never ask you any questions about essential matters. They never say to you

What does his voice sound like? What games does he love best? Does he collect butterflies?

Instead

they demand: "How old is he? How many brothers has he? How much does he weigh? How much money does his father make?" Only from these figures do they think they have learned anything about him.

If you were to say to the grown-ups: "I saw a beautiful house made of rosy brick

with geraniums in the windows and doves on the roof

they would not be able to get any idea of that house at all. You would have to say to them:

I saw a house that cost \$20

000." Then they would exclaim: "Oh

what a pretty house that is!"

Just so

you might say to them: "The proof that the little prince existed is that he was charming

that he laughed

and that he was looking for a sheep. If anybody wants a sheep

that is a proof that he exists." And what good would it do to tell them that? They would shrug their shoulders

and treat you like a child. But if you said to them: "The planet he came from is Asteroid B-612

then they would be convinced

and leave you in peace from their questions.

They are like that. One must not hold it against them. Children should always show great forbearance toward grown-up people.

But certainly

for us who understand life

figures are a matter of indifference. I should have liked to begin this story in the fashion of the fairy-tales. I should have like to say:

Once upon a time there was a little prince who lived on a planet that was scarcely any bigger than himself

and who had need of a sheep..."

To those who understand life  
that would have given a much greater air of truth to my story.

For I do not want any one to read my book carelessly. I have suffered  
too much grief in setting down these memories. Six years have already  
passed since my friend went away from me

with his sheep. If I try to describe him here

it is to make sure that I shall not forget him. To forget a friend is sad.

Not every one has had a friend. And if I forget him

I may become like the grown-ups who are no longer interested in  
anything but figures...

It is for that purpose

again

that I have bought a box of paints and some pencils. It is hard to take  
up drawing again at my age

when I have never made any pictures except those of the boa  
constrictor from the outside and the boa constrictor from the inside

since I was six. I shall certainly try to make my portraits as true to life  
as possible. But I am not at all sure of success. One drawing goes along all  
right

and another has no resemblance to its subject. I make some errors  
too

in the little prince's height: in one place he is too tall and in another  
too short. And I feel some doubts about the color of his costume. So I  
fumble along as best I can

now good

now bad

and I hope generally fair-to-middling.

In certain more important details I shall make mistakes

also. But that is something that will not be my fault. My friend never explained anything to me. He thought

perhaps

that I was like himself. But I

alas

do not know how to see sheep through the walls of boxes. Perhaps I am a little like the grown-ups. I have had to grow old.

[ Chapter 5 ]

- we are warned as to the dangers of the baobabs

As each day passed I would learn

in our talk

something about the little prince's planet

his departure from it

his journey. The information would come very slowly

as it might chance to fall from his thoughts. It was in this way that I heard

on the third day

about the catastrophe of the baobabs.

This time

once more

I had the sheep to thank for it. For the little prince asked me abruptly-- as if seized by a grave doubt-- "It is true

isn't it

that sheep eat little bushes?"

Yes

that is true.

Ah! I am glad!

I did not understand why it was so important that sheep should eat little bushes. But the little prince added:

Then it follows that they also eat baobabs?

I pointed out to the little prince that baobabs were not little bushes but

on the contrary

trees as big as castles; and that even if he took a whole herd of elephants away with him

the herd would not eat up one single baobab.

The idea of the herd of elephants made the little prince laugh.

We would have to put them one on top of the other he said.

But he made a wise comment:

Before they grow so big  
the baobabs start out by being little.

That is strictly correct

I said. "But why do you want the sheep to eat the little baobabs?"

He answered me at once

Oh

come

come!

as if he were speaking of something that was self-evident. And I was obliged to make a great mental effort to solve this problem without any assistance.

Indeed

as I learned

there were on the planet where the little prince lived-- as on all planets--  
- good plants and bad plants. In consequence

there were good seeds from good plants  
and bad seeds from bad plants. But seeds are invisible. They sleep  
deep in the heart of the earth's darkness

until some one among them is seized with the desire to awaken. Then  
this little seed will stretch itself and begin-- timidly at first-- to push a  
charming little sprig inoffensively upward toward the sun. If it is only a  
sprout of radish or the sprig of a rose-bush

one would let it grow wherever it might wish. But when it is a bad  
plant

one must destroy it as soon as possible  
the very first instant that one recognizes it.

Now there were some terrible seeds on the planet that was the home of  
the little prince; and these were the seeds of the baobab. The soil of that  
planet was infested with them. A baobab is something you will never

never be able to get rid of if you attend to it too late. It spreads over the  
entire planet. It bores clear through it with its roots. And if the planet is too  
small

and the baobabs are too many  
they split it in pieces...

It is a question of discipline  
the little prince said to me later on. "When you've finished your own  
toilet in the morning

then it is time to attend to the toilet of your planet  
just so

with the greatest care. You must see to it that you pull up regularly all  
the baobabs

at the very first moment when they can be distinguished from the  
rosebushes which they resemble so closely in their earliest youth. It is very

tedious work

the little prince added

but very easy."

And one day he said to me: "You ought to make a beautiful drawing so that the children where you live can see exactly how all this is. That would be very useful to them if they were to travel some day. Sometimes he added

there is no harm in putting off a piece of work until another day. But when it is a matter of baobabs

that always means a catastrophe. I knew a planet that was inhabited by a lazy man. He neglected three little bushes..."

So

as the little prince described it to me

I have made a drawing of that planet. I do not much like to take the tone of a moralist. But the danger of the baobabs is so little understood and such considerable risks would be run by anyone who might get lost on an asteroid

that for once I am breaking through my reserve. "Children

I say plainly

watch out for the baobabs!"

My friends

like myself

have been skirting this danger for a long time

without ever knowing it; and so it is for them that I have worked so hard over this drawing. The lesson which I pass on by this means is worth all the trouble it has cost me.

Perhaps you will ask me

Why are there no other drawing in this book as magnificent and impressive as this drawing of the baobabs?

The reply is simple. I have tried. But with the others I have not been successful. When I made the drawing of the baobabs I was carried beyond myself by the inspiring force of urgent necessity.

[ Chapter 6 ]

- the little prince and the narrator talk about sunsets

Oh

little prince! Bit by bit I came to understand the secrets of your sad little life... For a long time you had found your only entertainment in the quiet pleasure of looking at the sunset. I learned that new detail on the morning of the fourth day

when you said to me:

I am very fond of sunsets. Come

let us go look at a sunset now.

But we must wait

I said.

Wait? For what?

For the sunset. We must wait until it is time.

At first you seemed to be very much surprised. And then you laughed to yourself. You said to me:

I am always thinking that I am at home!

Just so. Everybody knows that when it is noon in the United States the sun is setting over France.

If you could fly to France in one minute

you could go straight into the sunset

right from noon. Unfortunately

France is too far away for that. But on your tiny planet

my little prince  
all you need do is move your chair a few steps. You can see the day  
end and the twilight falling whenever you like...

One day  
you said to me  
I saw the sunset forty-four times!  
And a little later you added:  
You know-- one loves the sunset  
when one is so sad...  
Were you so sad  
then?

I asked  
on the day of the forty-four sunsets?  
But the little prince made no reply.

[ Chapter 7 ]

- the narrator learns about the secret of the little prince's life

On the fifth day-- again  
as always  
it was thanks to the sheep-- the secret of the little prince's life was  
revealed to me. Abruptly  
without anything to lead up to it  
and as if the question had been born of long and silent meditation on  
his problem  
he demanded:  
A sheep-- if it eats little bushes  
does it eat flowers  
too?  
A sheep

I answered  
eats anything it finds in its reach.

Even flowers that have thorns?

Yes  
even flowers that have thorns.

Then the thorns-- what use are they?

I did not know. At that moment I was very busy trying to unscrew a bolt that had got stuck in my engine. I was very much worried

for it was becoming clear to me that the breakdown of my plane was extremely serious. And I had so little drinking-water left that I had to fear for the worst.

The thorns-- what use are they?

The little prince never let go of a question once he had asked it. As for me

I was upset over that bolt. And I answered with the first thing that came into my head:

The thorns are of no use at all. Flowers have thorns just for spite!

Oh!

There was a moment of complete silence. Then the little prince flashed back at me

with a kind of resentment:

I don't believe you! Flowers are weak creatures. They are naïfs. They reassure themselves as best they can. They believe that their thorns are terrible weapons...

I did not answer. At that instant I was saying to myself: "If this bolt still won't turn

I am going to knock it out with the hammer." Again the little prince disturbed my thoughts.

And you actually believe that the flowers--

Oh

no!

I cried. "No

no no! I don't believe anything. I answered you with the first thing that came into my head. Don't you see-- I am very busy with matters of consequence!"

He stared at me

thunderstruck.

Matters of consequence!

He looked at me there

with my hammer in my hand

my fingers black with engine-grease

bending down over an object which seemed to him extremely ugly...

You talk just like the grown-ups!

That made me a little ashamed. But he went on relentlessly:

You mix everything up together... You confuse everything...

He was really very angry. He tossed his golden curls in the breeze.

I know a planet where there is a certain red-faced gentleman. He has never smelled a flower. He has never looked at a star. He has never loved any one. He has never done anything in his life but add up figures. And all day he says over and over

just like you: 'I am busy with matters of consequence!' And that makes him swell up with pride. But he is not a man-- he is a mushroom!

A what?

A mushroom!

The little prince was now white with rage.

The flowers have been growing thorns for millions of years. For millions of years the sheep have been eating them just the same. And is it not a matter of consequence to try to understand why the flowers go to so much trouble to grow thorns which are never of any use to them? Is the warfare between the sheep and the flowers not important? Is this not of more consequence than a fat red-faced gentleman's sums? And if I know-- I

myself-- one flower which is unique in the world  
which grows nowhere but on my planet  
but which one little sheep can destroy in a single bite some morning  
without even noticing what he is doing-- Oh! You think that is not  
important!

His face turned from white to red as he continued:  
If some one loves a flower  
of which just one single blossom grows in all the millions and millions  
of stars

it is enough to make him happy just to look at the stars. He can say to  
himself

'Somewhere  
my flower is there...' But if the sheep eats the flower  
in one moment all his stars will be darkened... And you think that is  
not important!

He could not say anything more. His words were choked by sobbing.  
The night had fallen. I had let my tools drop from my hands. Of what  
moment now was my hammer

my bolt  
or thirst  
or death? On one star  
one planet

my planet

the Earth

there was a little prince to be comforted. I took him in my arms  
and rocked him. I said to him:

The flower that you love is not in danger. I will draw you a muzzle for  
your sheep. I will draw you a railing to put around your flower. I will--

I did not know what to say to him. I felt awkward and blundering. I did  
not know how I could reach him

where I could overtake him and go on hand in hand with him once  
more.

It is such a secret place  
the land of tears.

[ Chapter 8 ]

- the rose arrives at the little prince's planet

I soon learned to know this flower better. On the little prince's planet  
the flowers had always been very simple. They had only one ring of petals;  
they took up no room at all; they were a trouble to nobody. One morning  
they would appear in the grass

and by night they would have faded peacefully away. But one day  
from a seed blown from no one knew where

a new flower had come up; and the little prince had watched very  
closely over this small sprout which was not like any other small sprouts on  
his planet. It might

you see

have been a new kind of baobab.

The shrub soon stopped growing

and began to get ready to produce a flower. The little prince  
who was present at the first appearance of a huge bud

felt at once that some sort of miraculous apparition must emerge from it. But the flower was not satisfied to complete the preparations for her beauty in the shelter of her green chamber. She chose her colours with the greatest care. She adjusted her petals one by one. She did not wish to go out into the world all rumpled

like the field poppies. It was only in the full radiance of her beauty that she wished to appear. Oh

yes! She was a coquettish creature! And her mysterious adornment lasted for days and days.

Then one morning  
exactly at sunrise  
she suddenly showed herself.

And  
after working with all this painstaking precision  
she yawned and said:

Ah! I am scarcely awake. I beg that you will excuse me. My petals are still all disarranged...

But the little prince could not restrain his admiration:  
Oh! How beautiful you are!

Am I not?

the flower responded  
sweetly. "And I was born at the same moment as the sun..."

The little prince could guess easily enough that she was not any too modest-- but how moving-- and exciting-- she was!

I think it is time for breakfast

she added an instant later. "If you would have the kindness to think of my needs--"

And the little prince

completely abashed

went to look for a sprinkling-can of fresh water. So

he tended the flower.

So

too

she began very quickly to torment him with her vanity-- which was

if the truth be known

a little difficult to deal with. One day

fo

## Chapter\_5

r instance

when she was speaking of her four thorns

she said to the little prince:

Let the tigers come with their claws!

There are no tigers on my planet

the little prince objected. "And

anyway

tigers do not eat weeds."

I am not a weed

the flower replied

sweetly.

Please excuse me...

I am not at all afraid of tigers

she went on

but I have a horror of drafts. I suppose you wouldn't have a screen for me?

A horror of drafts-- that is bad luck

for a plant

remarked the little prince

and added to himself

This flower is a very complex creature...

At night I want you to put me under a glass globe. It is very cold where you live. In the place I came from--

But she interrupted herself at that point. She had come in the form of a seed. She could not have known anything of any other worlds. Embarrassed over having let herself be caught on the verge of such a naïve untruth

she coughed two or three times  
in order to put the little prince in the wrong.

The screen?

I was just going to look for it when you spoke to me...

Then she forced her cough a little more so that he should suffer from  
remorse just the same.

So the little prince  
in spite of all the good will that was inseparable from his love  
had soon come to doubt her. He had taken seriously words which were  
without importance

and it made him very unhappy.

I ought not to have listened to her

he confided to me one day. "One never ought to listen to the flowers.  
One should simply look at them and breathe their fragrance. Mine perfumed  
all my planet. But I did not know how to take pleasure in all her grace. This  
tale of claws

which disturbed me so much

should only have filled my heart with tenderness and pity."

And he continued his confidences:

The fact is that I did not know how to understand anything! I ought to  
have judged by deeds and not by words. She cast her fragrance and her  
radiance over me. I ought never to have run away from her... I ought to have  
guessed all the affection that lay behind her poor little stratagems. Flowers  
are so inconsistent! But I was too young to know how to love her...

[ Chapter 9 ]

- the little prince leaves his planet

I believe that for his escape he took advantage of the migration of a  
flock of wild birds. On the morning of his departure he put his planet in

perfect order. He carefully cleaned out his active volcanoes. He possessed two active volcanoes; and they were very convenient for heating his breakfast in the morning. He also had one volcano that was extinct. But

as he said

One never knows!

So he cleaned out the extinct volcano

too. If they are well cleaned out

volcanoes burn slowly and steadily

without any eruptions. Volcanic eruptions are like fires in a chimney.

On our earth we are obviously much too small to clean out our volcanoes. That is why they bring no end of trouble upon us.

The little prince also pulled up

with a certain sense of dejection

the last little shoots of the baobabs. He believed that he would never want to return. But on this last morning all these familiar tasks seemed very precious to him. And when he watered the flower for the last time

and prepared to place her under the shelter of her glass globe

he realised that he was very close to tears.

Goodbye

he said to the flower.

But she made no answer.

Goodbye

he said again.

The flower coughed. But it was not because she had a cold.

I have been silly

she said to him

at last. "I ask your forgiveness. Try to be happy..."

He was surprised by this absence of reproaches. He stood there all bewildered

the glass globe held arrested in mid-air. He did not understand this quiet sweetness.

Of course I love you

the flower said to him. "It is my fault that you have not known it all the while. That is of no importance. But you-- you have been just as foolish as I. Try to be happy... let the glass globe be. I don't want it any more."

But the wind--

My cold is not so bad as all that... the cool night air will do me good. I am a flower.

But the animals--

Well

I must endure the presence of two or three caterpillars if I wish to become acquainted with the butterflies. It seems that they are very beautiful. And if not the butterflies-- and the caterpillars-- who will call upon me? You will be far away... as for the large animals-- I am not at all afraid of any of them. I have my claws.

And

naively

she showed her four thorns. Then she added:

Don't linger like this. You have decided to go away. Now go!

For she did not want him to see her crying. She was such a proud flower...

[ Chapter 10 ]

- the little prince visits the king

He found himself in the neighborhood of the asteroids 325

326

327

328

329

and 330. He began

therefore

by visiting them

in order to add to his knowledge.

The first of them was inhabited by a king. Clad in royal purple and ermine

he was seated upon a throne which was at the same time both simple and majestic.

Ah! Here is a subject

exclaimed the king

when he saw the little prince coming.

And the little prince asked himself:

How could he recognize me when he had never seen me before?

He did not know how the world is simplified for kings. To them all men are subjects.

Approach

so that I may see you better

said the king

who felt consumingly proud of being at last a king over somebody.

The little prince looked everywhere to find a place to sit down; but the entire planet was crammed and obstructed by the king's magnificent ermine robe. So he remained standing upright

and

since he was tired

he yawned.

It is contrary to etiquette to yawn in the presence of a king  
the monarch said to him. "I forbid you to do so."

I can't help it. I can't stop myself  
replied the little prince  
thoroughly embarrassed. "I have come on a long journey  
and I have had no sleep..."

Ah

then

the king said. "I order you to yawn. It is years since I have seen anyone  
yawning. Yawns

to me  
are objects of curiosity. Come  
now! Yawn again! It is an order."

That frightens me... I cannot  
any more...

murmured the little prince  
now completely abashed.

Hum! Hum!

replied the king. "Then I-- I order you sometimes to yawn and  
sometimes to--"

He sputtered a little  
and seemed vexed.

For what the king fundamentally insisted upon was that his authority  
should be respected. He tolerated no disobedience. He was an absolute  
monarch. But

because he was a very good man  
he made his orders reasonable.  
If I ordered a general

he would say  
by way of example  
if I ordered a general to change himself into a sea bird  
and if the general did not obey me  
that would not be the fault of the general. It would be my fault.  
May I sit down?  
came now a timid inquiry from the little prince.  
I order you to do so  
the king answered him  
and majestically gathered in a fold of his ermine mantle.  
But the little prince was wondering... The planet was tiny. Over what  
could this king really rule?

Sire

he said to him

I beg that you will excuse my asking you a question--

I order you to ask me a question

the king hastened to assure him.

Sire-- over what do you rule?

Over everything

said the king

with magnificent simplicity.

Over everything?

The king made a gesture

which took in his planet

the other planets

and all the stars.

Over all that?

asked the little prince.

Over all that  
the king answered.

For his rule was not only absolute: it was also universal.

And the stars obey you?

Certainly they do

the king said. "They obey instantly. I do not permit insubordination."

Such power was a thing for the little prince to marvel at. If he had been  
master of such complete authority

he would have been able to watch the sunset

not forty-four times in one day

but seventy-two

or even a hundred

or even two hundred times

with out ever having to move his chair. And because he felt a bit sad as  
he remembered his little planet which he had forsaken

he plucked up his courage to ask the king a favor:

I should like to see a sunset... do me that kindness... Order the sun to  
set...

If I ordered a general to fly from one flower to another like a butterfly  
or to write a tragic drama

or to change himself into a sea bird

and if the general did not carry out the order that he had received

which one of us would be in the wrong?

the king demanded. "The general

or myself?"

You

said the little prince firmly.

Exactly. One must require from each one the duty which each one can perform

the king went on. "Accepted authority rests first of all on reason. If you ordered your people to go and throw themselves into the sea

they would rise up in revolution. I have the right to require obedience because my orders are reasonable."

Then my sunset?

the little prince reminded him: for he never forgot a question once he had asked it.

You shall have your sunset. I shall command it. But

according to my science of government

I shall wait until conditions are favorable.

When will that be?

inquired the little prince.

Hum! Hum!

replied the king; and before saying anything else he consulted a bulky almanac. "Hum! Hum! That will be about-- about-- that will be this evening about twenty minutes to eight. And you will see how well I am obeyed."

The little prince yawned. He was regretting his lost sunset. And then too

he was already beginning to be a little bored.

I have nothing more to do here

he said to the king. "So I shall set out on my way again."

Do not go

said the king

who was very proud of having a subject. "Do not go. I will make you a Minister!"

Minister of what?

Minster of-- of Justice!

But there is nobody here to judge!

We do not know that

the king said to him. "I have not yet made a complete tour of my kingdom. I am very old. There is no room here for a carriage. And it tires me to walk."

Oh

but I have looked already!

said the little prince

turning around to give one more glance to the other side of the planet.

On that side

as on this

there was nobody at all...

Then you shall judge yourself

the king answered. "that is the most difficult thing of all. It is much more difficult to judge oneself than to judge others. If you succeed in judging yourself rightly

then you are indeed a man of true wisdom."

Yes

said the little prince

but I can judge myself anywhere. I do not need to live on this planet.

Hum! Hum!" said the king. "I have good reason to believe that somewhere on my planet there is an old rat. I hear him at night. You can judge this old rat. From time to time you will condemn him to death. Thus his life will depend on your justice. But you will pardon him on each occasion; for he must be treated thriftily. He is the only one we have."

I

replied the little prince

do not like to condemn anyone to death. And now I think I will go on my way.

No

said the king.

But the little prince

having now completed his preparations for departure

had no wish to grieve the old monarch.

If Your Majesty wishes to be promptly obeyed

he said

he should be able to give me a reasonable order. He should be able for example

to order me to be gone by the end of one minute. It seems to me that conditions are favorable...

As the king made no answer

the little prince hesitated a moment. Then

with a sigh

he took his leave.

I made you my Ambassador

the king called out

hastily.

He had a magnificent air of authority.

The grown-ups are very strange

the little prince said to himself

as he continued on his journey.

[ Chapter 11 ]

- the little prince visits the conceited man

The second planet was inhabited by a conceited man.

Ah! Ah! I am about to receive a visit from an admirer!

he exclaimed from afar  
when he first saw the little prince coming.  
For  
to conceited men  
all other men are admirers.  
Good morning  
said the little prince. "That is a queer hat you are wearing."  
It is a hat for salutes  
the conceited man replied. "It is to raise in salute when people acclaim  
me. Unfortunately  
nobody at all ever passes this way."  
Yes?  
said the little prince  
who did not understand what the conceited man was talking about.  
Clap your hands  
one against the other  
the conceited man now directed him.  
The little prince clapped his hands. The conceited man raised his hat in  
a modest salute.  
This is more entertaining than the visit to the king  
the little prince said to himself. And he began again to clap his hands  
one against the other. The conceited man against raised his hat in  
salute.  
After five minutes of this exercise the little prince grew tired of the  
game's monotony.  
And what should one do to make the hat come down?  
he asked.

But the conceited man did not hear him. Conceited people never hear anything but praise.

Do you really admire me very much?

he demanded of the little prince.

What does that mean-- 'admire'?

To admire mean that you regard me as the handsomest  
the best-dressed

the richest

and the most intelligent man on this planet.

But you are the only man on your planet!

Do me this kindness. Admire me just the same.

I admire you

said the little prince

shrugging his shoulders slightly

but what is there in that to interest you so much?

And the little prince went away.

The grown-ups are certainly very odd

he said to himself

as he continued on his journey.

[ Chapter 12 ]

- the little prince visits the tippler

The next planet was inhabited by a tippler. This was a very short visit  
but it plunged the little prince into deep dejection.

What are you doing there?

he said to the tippler

whom he found settled down in silence before a collection of empty  
bottles and also a collection of full bottles.

I am drinking

replied the tippler  
with a lugubrious air.  
Why are you drinking?  
demanded the little prince.  
So that I may forget  
replied the tippler.  
Forget what?  
inquired the little prince  
who already was sorry for him.  
Forget that I am ashamed  
the tippler confessed  
hanging his head.  
Ashamed of what?  
insisted the little prince  
who wanted to help him.  
Ashamed of drinking!  
The tippler brought his speech to an end  
and shut himself up in an impregnable silence.  
And the little prince went away  
puzzled.  
The grown-ups are certainly very  
very odd  
he said to himself  
as he continued on his journey.

[ Chapter 13 ]

- the little prince visits the businessman

The fourth planet belonged to a businessman. This man was so much occupied that he did not even raise his head at the little prince's arrival.

Good morning

the little prince said to him. "Your cigarette has gone out."

Three and two make five. Five and seven make twelve. Twelve and three make fifteen. Good morning. Fifteen and seven make twenty-two. Twenty-two and six make twenty-eight. I haven't time to light it again. Twenty-six and five make thirty-one. Phew! Then that makes five-hundred-and-one-million

six-hundred-twenty-two-thousand

seven-hundred-thirty-one.

Five hundred million what?

asked the little prince.

Eh? Are you still there? Five-hundred-and-one million-- I can't stop... I have so much to do! I am concerned with matters of consequence. I don't amuse myself with balderdash. Two and five make seven...

Five-hundred-and-one million what?

repeated the little prince

who never in his life had let go of a question once he had asked it.

The businessman raised his head.

During the fifty-four years that I have inhabited this planet

I have been disturbed only three times. The first time was twenty-two years ago

when some giddy goose fell from goodness knows where. He made the most frightful noise that resounded all over the place

and I made four mistakes in my addition. The second time eleven years ago

I was disturbed by an attack of rheumatism. I don't get enough exercise. I have no time for loafing. The third time-- well

this is it! I was saying

then

five -hundred-and-one millions--

Millions of what?

The businessman suddenly realized that there was no hope of being left in peace until he answered this question.

Millions of those little objects

he said

which one sometimes sees in the sky.

Flies?

Oh

no. Little glittering objects.

Bees?

Oh

no. Little golden objects that set lazy men to idle dreaming. As for me I am concerned with matters of consequence. There is no time for idle dreaming in my life.

Ah! You mean the stars?

Yes

that's it. The stars.

And what do you do with five-hundred millions of stars?

Five-hundred-and-one million

six-hundred-twenty-two thousand

seven-hundred-thirty-one. I am concerned with matters of consequence: I am accurate.

And what do you do with these stars?

What do I do with them?

Yes.

Nothing. I own them.

You own the stars?

Yes.

But I have already seen a king who--

Kings do not own

they reign over. It is a very different matter.

And what good does it do you to own the stars?

It does me the good of making me rich.

And what good does it do you to be rich?

It makes it possible for me to buy more stars  
if any are ever discovered.

This man

the little prince said to himself

reasons a little like my poor tippler...

Nevertheless

he still had some more questions.

How is it possible for one to own the stars?

To whom do they belong?

the businessman retorted

peevishly.

I don't know. To nobody.

Then they belong to me

because I was the first person to think of it.

Is that all that is necessary?

Certainly. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody

it is yours. When you discover an island that belongs to nobody

it is yours. When you get an idea before any one else

you take out a patent on it: it is yours. So with me: I own the stars  
because nobody else before me ever thought of owning them.

Yes

that is true

said the little prince. "And what do you do with them?"

I administer them

replied the businessman. "I count them and recount them. It is difficult.

But I am a man who is naturally interested in matters of consequence."

The little prince was still not satisfied.

If I owned a silk scarf

he said

I could put it around my neck and take it away with me. If I owned a flower

I could pluck that flower and take it away with me. But you cannot pluck the stars from heaven...

No. But I can put them in the bank.

Whatever does that mean?

That means that I write the number of my stars on a little paper. And then I put this paper in a drawer and lock it with a key.

And that is all?

That is enough

said the businessman.

It is entertaining

thought the little prince. "It is rather poetic. But it is of no great consequence."

On matters of consequence

the little prince had ideas which were very different from those of the grown-ups.

I myself own a flower

he continued his conversation with the businessman

which I water every day. I own three volcanoes  
which I clean out every week (for I also clean out the one that is  
extinct; one never knows). It is of some use to my volcanoes  
and it is of some use to my flower  
that I own them. But you are of no use to the stars...  
The businessman opened his mouth  
but he found nothing to say in answer. And the little prince went away.  
The grown-ups are certainly altogether extraordinary  
he said simply  
talking to himself as he continued on his journey.

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[ Chapter 14 ]

- the little prince visits the lamplighter

The fifth planet was very strange. It was the smallest of all. There was  
just enough room on it for a street lamp and a lamplighter. The little prince  
was not able to reach any explanation of the use of a street lamp and a  
lamplighter

somewhere in the heavens  
on a planet which had no people  
and not one house. But he said to himself  
nevertheless:

It may well be that this man is absurd. But he is not so absurd as the  
king

the conceited man  
the businessman

and the tippler. For at least his work has some meaning. When he  
lights his street lamp

it is as if he brought one more star to life  
or one flower. When he puts out his lamp  
he sends the flower  
or the star

to sleep. That is a beautiful occupation. And since it is beautiful  
it is truly useful.

When he arrived on the planet he respectfully saluted the lamplighter.

Good morning. Why have you just put out your lamp?

Those are the orders

replied the lamplighter. "Good morning."

What are the orders?

The orders are that I put out my lamp. Good evening.

And he lighted his lamp again.

But why have you just lighted it again?

Those are the orders

replied the lamplighter.

I do not understand

said the little prince.

There is nothing to understand

said the lamplighter. "Orders are orders. Good morning."

And he put out his lamp.

Then he mopped his forehead with a handkerchief decorated with red  
squares.

I follow a terrible profession. In the old days it was reasonable. I put  
the lamp out in the morning

and in the evening I lighted it again. I had the rest of the day for relaxation and the rest of the night for sleep.

And the orders have been changed since that time?

The orders have not been changed

said the lamplighter. "That is the tragedy! From year to year the planet has turned more rapidly and the orders have not been changed!"

Then what?

asked the little prince.

Then-- the planet now makes a complete turn every minute and I no longer have a single second for repose. Once every minute I have to light my lamp and put it out!

That is very funny! A day lasts only one minute

here where you live!

It is not funny at all!

said the lamplighter. "While we have been talking together a month has gone by."

A month?

Yes

a month. Thirty minutes. Thirty days. Good evening.

And he lighted his lamp again.

As the little prince watched him

he felt that he loved this lamplighter who was so faithful to his orders.

He remembered the sunsets which he himself had gone to seek

in other days

merely by pulling up his chair; and he wanted to help his friend.

You know

he said

I can tell you a way you can rest whenever you want to...

I always want to rest  
said the lamplighter.

For it is possible for a man to be faithful and lazy at the same time.

The little prince went on with his explanation:

Your planet is so small that three strides will take you all the way  
around it. To be always in the sunshine

you need only walk along rather slowly. When you want to rest  
you will walk-- and the day will last as long as you like.

That doesn't do me much good

said the lamplighter. "The one thing I love in life is to sleep."

Then you're unlucky

said the little prince.

I am unlucky

said the lamplighter. "Good morning."

And he put out his lamp.

That man

said the little prince to himself

as he continued farther on his journey

that man would be scorned by all the others: by the king

by the conceited man

by the tippler

by the businessman. Nevertheless he is the only one of them all who  
does not seem to me ridiculous. Perhaps that is because he is thinking of  
something else besides himself.

He breathed a sigh of regret

and said to himself

again:

That man is the only one of them all whom I could have made my friend. But his planet is indeed too small. There is no room on it for two people...

What the little prince did not dare confess was that he was sorry most of all to leave this planet

because it was blest every day with 1440 sunsets!

[ Chapter 15 ]

- the little prince visits the geographer

The sixth planet was ten times larger than the last one. It was inhabited by an old gentleman who wrote voluminous books.

Oh

look! Here is an explorer!

he exclaimed to himself when he saw the little prince coming.

The little prince sat down on the table and panted a little. He had already traveled so much and so far!

Where do you come from?

the old gentleman said to him.

What is that big book?

said the little prince. "What are you doing?"

I am a geographer

the old gentleman said to him.

What is a geographer?

asked the little prince.

A geographer is a scholar who knows the location of all the seas  
rivers

towns

mountains

and deserts.

That is very interesting  
said the little prince. "Here at last is a man who has a real profession!"  
And he cast a look around him at the planet of the geographer. It was the  
most magnificent and stately planet that he had ever seen.

Your planet is very beautiful  
he said. "Has it any oceans?"

I couldn't tell you  
said the geographer.

Ah!

The little prince was disappointed. "Has it any mountains?"

I couldn't tell you  
said the geographer.

And towns

and rivers

and deserts?

I couldn't tell you that  
either.

But you are a geographer!

Exactly

the geographer said. "But I am not an explorer. I haven't a single  
explorer on my planet. It is not the geographer who goes out to count the  
towns

the rivers

the mountains

the seas

the oceans

and the deserts. The geographer is much too important to go loafing  
about. He does not leave his desk. But he receives the explorers in his study.

He asks them questions

and he notes down what they recall of their travels. And if the recollections of any one among them seem interesting to him

the geographer orders an inquiry into that explorer's moral character."

Why is that?

Because an explorer who told lies would bring disaster on the books of the geographer. So would an explorer who drank too much.

Why is that?

asked the little prince.

Because intoxicated men see double. Then the geographer would note down two mountains in a place where there was only one.

I know some one

said the little prince

who would make a bad explorer.

That is possible. Then

when the moral character of the explorer is shown to be good

an inquiry is ordered into his discovery.

One goes to see it?

No. That would be too complicated. But one requires the explorer to furnish proofs. For example

if the discovery in question is that of a large mountain

one requires that large stones be brought back from it.

The geographer was suddenly stirred to excitement.

But you-- you come from far away! You are an explorer! You shall describe your planet to me!

And

having opened his big register

the geographer sharpened his pencil. The recitals of explorers are put down first in pencil. One waits until the explorer has furnished proofs before putting them down in ink.

Well?

said the geographer expectantly.

Oh

where I live

said the little prince

it is not very interesting. It is all so small. I have three volcanoes. Two volcanoes are active and the other is extinct. But one never knows.

One never knows

said the geographer.

I have also a flower.

We do not record flowers

said the geographer.

Why is that? The flower is the most beautiful thing on my planet!

We do not record them

said the geographer

because they are ephemeral.

What does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?

Geographies

said the geographer

are the books which

of all books

are most concerned with matters of consequence. They never become old-fashioned. It is very rarely that a mountain changes its position. It is very rarely that an ocean empties itself of its waters. We write of eternal things.

But extinct volcanoes may come to life again  
the little prince interrupted. "What does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?"  
Whether volcanoes are extinct or alive  
it comes to the same thing for us  
said the geographer. "The thing that matters to us is the mountain. It  
does not change."

But what does that mean-- 'ephemeral'?  
repeated the little prince  
who never in his life had let go of a question  
once he had asked it.  
It means  
'which is in danger of speedy disappearance.'  
Is my flower in danger of speedy disappearance?  
Certainly it is.  
My flower is ephemeral  
the little prince said to himself  
and she has only four thorns to defend herself against the world. And I  
have left her on my planet  
all alone!

That was his first moment of regret. But he took courage once more.  
What place would you advise me to visit now?  
he asked.

The planet Earth  
replied the geographer. "It has a good reputation."  
And the little prince went away  
thinking of his flower.

[ Chapter 16 ]

- the narrator discusses the Earth's lamplighters

So then the seventh planet was the Earth.

The Earth is not just an ordinary planet! One can count

there 111 kings (not forgetting

to be sure

the Negro kings among them)

7000 geographers

900

000 businessmen

7

500

000 tipplers

311

000

000 conceited men-- that is to say

about 2

000

000

000 grown-ups.

To give you an idea of the size of the Earth

I will tell you that before the invention of electricity it was necessary  
to maintain

over the whole of the six continents

a veritable army of 462

511 lamplighters for the street lamps.

Seen from a slight distance

that would make a splendid spectacle. The movements of this army  
would be regulated like those of the ballet in the opera. First would come

the turn of the lamplighters of New Zealand and Australia. Having set their lamps alight

these would go off to sleep. Next

the lamplighters of China and Siberia would enter for their steps in the dance

and then they too would be waved back into the wings. After that would come the turn of the lamplighters of Russia and the Indies; then those of Africa and Europe

then those of South America; then those of South America; then those of North America. And never would they make a mistake in the order of their entry upon the stage. It would be magnificent.

Only the man who was in charge of the single lamp at the North Pole and his colleague who was responsible for the single lamp at the South Pole-- only these two would live free from toil and care: they would be busy twice a year.

[ Chapter 17 ]

- the little prince makes the acquaintance of the snake

When one wishes to play the wit

he sometimes wanders a little from the truth. I have not been altogether honest in what I have told you about the lamplighters. And I realize that

## Chapter\_6

I run the risk of giving a false idea of our planet to those who do not know it. Men occupy a very small place upon the Earth. If the two billion inhabitants who people its surface were all to stand upright and somewhat crowded together

as they do for some big public assembly

they could easily be put into one public square twenty miles long and twenty miles wide. All humanity could be piled up on a small Pacific islet.

The grown-ups

to be sure

will not believe you when you tell them that. They imagine that they fill a great deal of space. They fancy themselves as important as the baobabs. You should advise them

then

to make their own calculations. They adore figures and that will please them. But do not waste your time on this extra task. It is unnecessary. You have

I know

confidence in me.

When the little prince arrived on the Earth

he was very much surprised not to see any people. He was beginning to be afraid he had come to the wrong planet

when a coil of gold

the color of the moonlight

flashed across the sand.

Good evening

said the little prince courteously.

Good evening

said the snake.

What planet is this on which I have come down?

asked the little prince.

This is the Earth; this is Africa

the snake answered.

Ah! Then there are no people on the Earth?

This is the desert. There are no people in the desert. The Earth is large

said the snake.

The little prince sat down on a stone

and raised his eyes toward the sky.

I wonder

he said

whether the stars are set alight in heaven so that one day each one of us  
may find his own again... Look at my planet. It is right there above us. But  
how far away it is!

It is beautiful

the snake said. "What has brought you here?"

I have been having some trouble with a flower

said the little prince.

Ah!

said the snake.

And they were both silent.

Where are the men?

the little prince at last took up the conversation again. "It is a little  
lonely in the desert..."

It is also lonely among men

the snake said.

The little prince gazed at him for a long time.

You are a funny animal

he said at last. "You are no thicker than a finger..."

But I am more powerful than the finger of a king  
said the snake.

The little prince smiled.

You are not very powerful. You haven't even any feet. You cannot even  
travel...

I can carry you farther than any ship could take you  
said the snake.

He twined himself around the little prince's ankle  
like a golden bracelet.

Whomever I touch

I send back to the earth from whence he came  
the snake spoke again. "But you are innocent and true  
and you come from a star..."

The little prince made no reply.

You move me to pity-- you are so weak on this Earth made of granite  
the snake said. "I can help you  
some day

if you grow too homesick for your own planet. I can--"

Oh! I understand you very well

said the little prince. "But why do you always speak in riddles?"

I solve them all

said the snake.

And they were both silent.

[ Chapter 18 ]

- the little prince goes looking for men and meets a flower

The little prince crossed the desert and met with only one flower. It  
was a flower with three petals

a flower of no account at all.

Good morning

said the little prince.

Good morning

said the flower.

Where are the men?

the little prince asked

politely.

The flower had once seen a caravan passing.

Men?

she echoed. "I think there are six or seven of them in existence. I saw  
them

several years ago. But one never knows where to find them. The wind  
blows them away. They have no roots

and that makes their life very difficult."

Goodbye

said the little prince.

Goodbye

said the flower.

[ Chapter 19 ]

- the little prince climbs a mountain range

After that

the little prince climbed a high mountain. The only mountains he had  
ever known were the three volcanoes

which came up to his knees. And he used the extinct volcano as a  
footstool. "From a mountain as high as this one

he said to himself

I shall be able to see the whole planet at one glance  
and all the people..."

But he saw nothing

save peaks of rock that were sharpened like needles.

Good morning

he said courteously.

Good morning--Good morning--Good morning  
answered the echo.

Who are you?

said the little prince.

Who are you--Who are you--Who are you?  
answered the echo.

Be my friends. I am all alone

he said.

I am all alone--all alone--all alone  
answered the echo.

What a queer planet!

he thought. "It is altogether dry  
and altogether pointed

and altogether harsh and forbidding. And the people have no  
imagination. They repeat whatever one says to them... On my planet I had a  
flower; she always was the first to speak..."

[ Chapter 20 ]

- the little prince discovers a garden of roses

But it happened that after walking for a long time through sand  
and rocks

and snow

the little prince at last came upon a road. And all roads lead to the abodes of men.

Good morning

he said.

He was standing before a garden

all a-bloom with roses.

Good morning

said the roses.

The little prince gazed at them. They all looked like his flower.

Who are you?

he demanded

thunderstruck.

We are roses

the roses said.

And he was overcome with sadness. His flower had told him that she was the only one of her kind in all the universe. And here were five thousand of them

all alike

in one single garden!

She would be very much annoyed

he said to himself

if she should see that... she would cough most dreadfully

and she would pretend that she was dying

to avoid being laughed at. And I should be obliged to pretend that I was nursing her back to life-- for if I did not do that

to humble myself also

she would really allow herself to die...

Then he went on with his reflections: "I thought that I was rich

with a flower that was unique in all the world; and all I had was a common rose. A common rose

and three volcanoes that come up to my knees-- and one of them perhaps extinct forever... that doesn't make me a very great prince..."

And he lay down in the grass and cried.

[ Chapter 21 ]

- the little prince befriends the fox

It was then that the fox appeared.

Good morning

said the fox.

Good morning

the little prince responded politely

although when he turned around he saw nothing.

I am right here

the voice said

under the apple tree.

Who are you?

asked the little prince

and added

You are very pretty to look at.

I am a fox

said the fox.

Come and play with me

proposed the little prince. "I am so unhappy."

I cannot play with you

the fox said. "I am not tamed."

Ah! Please excuse me

said the little prince.

But

after some thought

he added:

What does that mean-- 'tame'?

You do not live here

said the fox. "What is it that you are looking for?"

I am looking for men

said the little prince. "What does that mean-- 'tame'?"

Men

said the fox. "They have guns

and they hunt. It is very disturbing. They also raise chickens. These are their only interests. Are you looking for chickens?"

No

said the little prince. "I am looking for friends. What does that mean-- 'tame'?"

It is an act too often neglected

said the fox. It means to establish ties."

"To establish ties'?"

Just that

said the fox. "To me

you are still nothing more than a little boy who is just like a hundred thousand other little boys. And I have no need of you. And you

on your part

have no need of me. To you

I am nothing more than a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But if you tame me

then we shall need each other. To me

you will be unique in all the world. To you

I shall be unique in all the world..."

I am beginning to understand

said the little prince. "There is a flower... I think that she has tamed me..."

It is possible

said the fox. "On the Earth one sees all sorts of things."

Oh

but this is not on the Earth!

said the little prince.

The fox seemed perplexed

and very curious.

On another planet?

Yes.

Are there hunters on this planet?

No.

Ah

that is interesting! Are there chickens?

No.

Nothing is perfect

sighed the fox.

But he came back to his idea.

My life is very monotonous

the fox said. "I hunt chickens; men hunt me. All the chickens are just alike

and all the men are just alike. And

in consequence

I am a little bored. But if you tame me

it will be as if the sun came to shine on my life . I shall know the sound of a step that will be different from all the others. Other steps send me hurrying back underneath the ground. Yours will call me

like music

out of my burrow. And then look: you see the grain-fields down yonder? I do not eat bread. Wheat is of no use to me. The wheat fields have nothing to say to me. And that is sad. But you have hair that is the colour of gold. Think how wonderful that will be when you have tamed me! The grain

which is also golden

will bring me back the thought of you. And I shall love to listen to the wind in the wheat..."

The fox gazed at the little prince  
for a long time.

Please-- tame me!

he said.

I want to

very much

the little prince replied. "But I have not much time. I have friends to discover

and a great many things to understand."

One only understands the things that one tames

said the fox. "Men have no more time to understand anything. They buy things all ready made at the shops. But there is no shop anywhere where one can buy friendship

and so men have no friends any more. If you want a friend  
tame me..."

What must I do

to tame you?

asked the little prince.

You must be very patient

replied the fox. "First you will sit down at a little distance from me--  
like that-- in the grass. I shall look at you out of the corner of my eye  
and you will say nothing. Words are the source of misunderstandings.  
But you will sit a little closer to me  
every day..."

The next day the little prince came back.

It would have been better to come back at the same hour

said the fox. "If

for example

you come at four o'clock in the afternoon

then at three o'clock I shall begin to be happy. I shall feel happier and  
happier as the hour advances. At four o'clock

I shall already be worrying and jumping about. I shall show you how  
happy I am! But if you come at just any time

I shall never know at what hour my heart is to be ready to greet you...  
One must observe the proper rites..."

What is a rite?

asked the little prince.

Those also are actions too often neglected

said the fox. "They are what make one day different from other days  
one hour from other hours. There is a rite

for example

among my hunters. Every Thursday they dance with the village girls.  
So Thursday is a wonderful day for me! I can take a walk as far as the  
vineyards. But if the hunters danced at just any time

every day would be like every other day  
and I should never have any vacation at all."

So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hour of his departure  
drew near--

Ah

said the fox

I shall cry.

It is your own fault

said the little prince. "I never wished you any sort of harm; but you  
wanted me to tame you..."

Yes

that is so

said the fox.

But now you are going to cry!

said the little prince.

Yes

that is so

said the fox.

Then it has done you no good at all!

It has done me good

said the fox

because of the color of the wheat fields.

And then he added:

Go and look again at the roses. You will understand now that yours is  
unique in all the world. Then come back to say goodbye to me  
and I will make you a present of a secret.

The little prince went away  
to look again at the roses.

You are not at all like my rose  
he said. "As yet you are nothing. No one has tamed you  
and you have tamed no one. You are like my fox when I first knew  
him. He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But I have  
made him my friend

and now he is unique in all the world."

And the roses were very much embarrassed.

You are beautiful

but you are empty

he went on. "One could not die for you. To be sure

an ordinary passerby would think that my rose looked just like you--  
the rose that belongs to me. But in herself alone she is more important than  
all the hundreds of you other roses: because it is she that I have watered;  
because it is she that I have put under the glass globe; because it is she that I  
have sheltered behind the screen; because it is for her that I have killed the  
caterpillars (except the two or three that we saved to become butterflies);  
because it is she that I have listened to

when she grumbled

or boasted

or even sometimes when she said nothing. Because she is my rose.

And he went back to meet the fox.

Goodbye

he said.

Goodbye

said the fox. "And now here is my secret

a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly;  
what is essential is invisible to the eye."

What is essential is invisible to the eye

the little prince repeated  
so that he would be sure to remember.

It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so  
important.

It is the time I have wasted for my rose--  
said the little prince  
so that he would be sure to remember.

Men have forgotten this truth  
said the fox. "But you must not forget it. You become responsible  
forever

for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose..."

I am responsible for my rose  
the little prince repeated  
so that he would be sure to remember.

[ Chapter 22 ]

- the little prince encounters a railway switchman

Good morning  
said the little prince.

Good morning  
said the railway switchman.

What do you do here?  
the little prince asked.

I sort out travelers  
in bundles of a thousand

said the switchman. "I send off the trains that carry them; now to the  
right  
now to the left."

And a brilliantly lighted express train shook the switchman's cabin as it rushed by with a roar like thunder.

They are in a great hurry  
said the little prince. "What are they looking for?"

Not even the locomotive engineer knows that  
said the switchman.

And a second brilliantly lighted express thundered by  
in the opposite direction.

Are they coming back already?  
demanded the little prince.

These are not the same ones  
said the switchman. "It is an exchange."

Were they not satisfied where they were?  
asked the little prince.

No one is ever satisfied where he is  
said the switchman.

And they heard the roaring thunder of a third brilliantly lighted  
express.

Are they pursuing the first travelers?  
demanded the little prince.

They are pursuing nothing at all  
said the switchman. "They are asleep in there  
or if they are not asleep they are yawning. Only the children are  
flattening their noses against the windowpanes."

Only the children know what they are looking for  
said the little prince. "They waste their time over a rag doll and it  
becomes very important to them; and if anybody takes it away from them  
they cry..."

They are lucky  
the switchman said.

[ Chapter 23 ]

- the little prince encounters a merchant

Good morning  
said the little prince.

Good morning  
said the merchant.

This was a merchant who sold pills that had been invented to quench  
thirst. You need only swallow one pill a week

and you would feel no need of anything to drink.

Why are you selling those?  
asked the little prince.

Because they save a tremendous amount of time  
said the merchant. "Computations have been made by experts. With  
these pills

you save fifty-three minutes in every week."

And what do I do with those fifty-three minutes?

Anything you like...

As for me

said the little prince to himself

if I had fifty-three minutes to spend as I liked

I should walk at my leisure toward a spring of fresh water.

[ Chapter 24 ]

- the narrator and the little prince

thirsty

hunt for a well in the desert

It was now the eighth day since I had had my accident in the desert

and I had listened to the story of the merchant as I was drinking the last drop of my water supply.

Ah

I said to the little prince  
these memories of yours are very charming; but I have not yet  
succeeded in repairing my plane; I have nothing more to drink; and I  
too

should be very happy if I could walk at my leisure toward a spring of fresh water!

My friend the fox--  
the little prince said to me.

My dear little man  
this is no longer a matter that has anything to do with the fox!  
Why not?

Because I am about to die of thirst...

He did not follow my reasoning  
and he answered me:

It is a good thing to have had a friend  
even if one is about to die. I  
for instance

am very glad to have had a fox as a friend...

He has no way of guessing the danger

I said to myself. "He has never been either hungry or thirsty. A little sunshine is all he needs..."

But he looked at me steadily  
and replied to my thought:

I am thirsty  
too. Let us look for a well...

I made a gesture of weariness. It is absurd to look for a well  
at random  
in the immensity of the desert. But nevertheless we started walking.  
When we had trudged along for several hours  
in silence  
the darkness fell  
and the stars began to come out. Thirst had made me a little feverish  
and I looked at them as if I were in a dream. The little prince's last  
words came reeling back into my memory:

Then you are thirsty  
too?

I demanded.

But he did not reply to my question. He merely said to me:

Water may also be good for the heart...

I did not understand this answer

but I said nothing. I knew very well that it was impossible to cross-  
examine him.

He was tired. He sat down. I sat down beside him. And  
after a little silence  
he spoke again:

The stars are beautiful  
because of a flower that cannot be seen.

I replied

Yes

that is so.

And

without saying anything more

I looked across the ridges of sand that were stretched out before us in the moonlight.

The desert is beautiful  
the little prince added.

And that was true. I have always loved the desert. One sits down on a desert sand dune

sees nothing  
hears nothing. Yet through the silence something throbs  
and gleams...

What makes the desert beautiful  
said the little prince  
is that somewhere it hides a well...

I was astonished by a sudden understanding of that mysterious radiation of the sands. When I was a little boy I lived in an old house and legend told us that a treasure was buried there. To be sure no one had ever known how to find it; perhaps no one had ever even looked for it. But it cast an enchantment over that house. My home was hiding a secret in the depths of its heart...

Yes  
I said to the little prince. "The house  
the stars  
the desert-- what gives them their beauty is something that is invisible!"

I am glad  
he said  
that you agree with my fox.  
As the little prince dropped off to sleep

I took him in my arms and set out walking once more. I felt deeply moved

and stirred. It seemed to me that I was carrying a very fragile treasure.

It seemed to me

even

that there was nothing more fragile on all Earth. In the moonlight I looked at his pale forehead

his closed eyes

his locks of hair that trembled in the wind

and I said to myself: "What I see here is nothing but a shell. What is most important is invisible..."

As his lips opened slightly with the suspicious of a half-smile

I said to myself

again: "What moves me so deeply

about this little prince who is sleeping here

is his loyalty to a flower-- the image of a rose that shines through his whole being like the flame of a lamp

even when he is asleep..." And I felt him to be more fragile still. I felt the need of protecting him

as if he himself were a flame that might be extinguished by a little puff of wind...

And

as I walked on so

I found the well

at daybreak.

[ Chapter 25 ]

- finding a well

the narrator and the little prince discuss his return to his planet

Men

said the little prince

set out on their way in express trains

but they do not know what they are looking for. Then they rush about  
and get excited

and turn round and round...

And he added:

It is not worth the trouble...

The well that we had come to was not like the wells of the Sahara. The  
wells of the Sahara are mere holes dug in the sand. This one was like a well  
in a village. But there was no village here  
and I thought I must be dreaming...

It is strange

I said to the little prince. "Everything is ready for use: the pulley  
the bucket  
the rope..."

He laughed

touched the rope

and set the pulley to working. And the pulley moaned  
like an old weathervane which the wind has long since forgotten.

Do you hear?

said the little prince. "We have wakened the well  
and it is singing..."

I did not want him to tire himself with the rope.

Leave it to me

I said. "It is too heavy for you."

I hoisted the bucket slowly to the edge of the well and set it there--  
happy

tired as I was  
over my achievement. The song of the pulley was still in my ears  
and I could see the sunlight shimmer in the still trembling water.  
I am thirsty for this water  
said the little prince. "Give me some of it to drink..."  
And I understood what he had been looking for.  
I raised the bucket to his lips. He drank  
his eyes closed. It was as sweet as some special festival treat. This  
water was indeed a different thing from ordinary nourishment. Its sweetness  
was born of the walk under the stars  
the song of the pulley  
the effort of my arms. It was good for the heart  
like a present. When I was a little boy  
the lights of the Christmas tree  
the music of the Midnight Mass  
the tenderness of smiling faces  
used to make up  
so  
the radiance of the gifts I received.  
The men where you live  
said the little prince  
raise five thousand roses in the same garden-- and they do not find in it  
what they are looking for.  
They do not find it  
I replied.  
And yet what they are looking for could be found in one single rose  
or in a little water.  
Yes

that is true

I said.

And the little prince added:

But the eyes are blind. One must look with the heart...

I had drunk the water. I breathed easily. At sunrise the sand is the color of honey. And that honey color was making me happy

too. What brought me

then

this sense of grief?

You must keep your promise

said the little prince

softly

as he sat down beside me once more.

What promise?

You know-- a muzzle for my sheep... I am responsible for this flower...

I took my rough drafts of drawings out of my pocket. The little prince looked them over

and laughed as he said:

Your baobabs-- they look a little like cabbages.

Oh!

I had been so proud of my baobabs!

Your fox-- his ears look a little like horns; and they are too long.

And he laughed again.

You are not fair

little prince

I said. "I don't know how to draw anything except boa constrictors from the outside and boa constrictors from the inside."

Oh

that will be all right

he said

children understand.

So then I made a pencil sketch of a muzzle. And as I gave it to him my heart was torn.

You have plans that I do not know about

I said.

But he did not answer me. He said to me instead:

You know-- my descent to the earth... Tomorrow will be its anniversary.

Then

after a silence

he went on:

I came down very near here.

And he flushed.

And once again

without understanding why

I had a queer sense of sorrow. One question

however

occurred to me:

Then it was not by chance that on the morning when I first met you-- a week ago-- you were strolling along like that

all alone

a thousand miles from any inhabited region? You were on the your back to the place where you landed?

The little prince flushed again.

And I added

with some hesitancy:

Perhaps it was because of the anniversary?

The little prince flushed once more. He never answered questions-- but when one flushes does that not mean "Yes"?

Ah

I said to him

I am a little frightened--

But he interrupted me.

Now you must work. You must return to your engine. I will be waiting for you here. Come back tomorrow evening...

But I was not reassured. I remembered the fox. One runs the risk of weeping a little

if one lets himself be tamed...

[ Chapter 26 ]

- the little prince converses with the snake; the little prince consoles the narrator; the little prince returns to his planet

Beside the well there was the ruin of an old stone wall. When I came back from my work

the next evening

I saw from some distance away my little prince sitting on top of a wall with his feet dangling. And I heard him say:

Then you don't remember. This is not the exact spot.

Another voice must have answered him

for he replied to it:

Yes

yes! It is the right day

but this is not the place.

I continued my walk toward the wall. At no time did I see or hear anyone. The little prince

however

replied once again:

--Exactly. You will see where my track begins in the sand. You have nothing to do but wait for me there. I shall be there tonight.

I was only twenty metres from the wall and I still saw nothing.

After a silence the little prince spoke again:

You have good poison? You are sure that it will not make me suffer too long?

I stopped in my tracks my heart torn asunder; but still I did not understand.

Now go away

said the little prince. "I want to get down from the wall."

I dropped my eyes

then

to the foot of the wall-- and I leaped into the air. There before me facing the little prince

was one of those yellow snakes that take just thirty seconds to bring your life to an end. Even as I was digging into my pocket to get out my revolver I made a running step back. But

at the noise I made

the snake let himself flow easily across the sand like the dying spray of a fountain

and

in no apparent hurry

disappeared  
with a light metallic sound  
among the stones.

I reached the wall just in time to catch my little man in my arms; his  
face was white as snow.

What does this mean?

I demanded. "Why are you talking with snakes?"

I had loosened the golden muffler that he always wore. I had  
moistened his temples

and had given him some water to drink. And now I did not dare ask  
him any more questions. He looked at me very gravely

and put his arms around my neck. I felt his heart beating like the heart  
of a dying bird

shot with someone's rifle...

I am glad that you have found what was the matter with your engine  
he said. "Now you can go back home--"

How do you know about that?

I was just coming to tell him that my work had been successful  
beyond anything that I had dared to hope.

He made no answer to my question  
but he added:

I

too

am going back home today...

Then

sadly--

It is much farther... it is much more difficult...

I realised clearly that something extraordinary was happening. I was holding him close in my arms as if he were a little child; and yet it seemed to me that he was rushing headlong toward an abyss from which I could do nothing to restrain him...

His look was very serious  
like some one lost far away.

I have your sheep. And I have the sheep's box. And I have the muzzle...

And he gave me a sad smile.

I waited a long time. I could see that he was reviving little by little.

Dear little man

I said to him  
you are afraid...

He was afraid

there was no doubt about that. But he laughed lightly.

I shall be much more afraid this evening...

Once again I felt myself frozen by the sense of something irreparable. And I knew that I could not bear the thought of never hearing that laughter any more. For me

it was like a spring of fresh water in the desert.

Little man

I said

I want to hear you laugh again.

But he said to me:

Tonight

it will be a year... my star

then

can be found right above the place where I came to the Earth

a year ago...

Little man

I said

tell me that it is only a bad dream-- this affair of the snake  
and the meeting-place  
and the star...

But he did not answer my plea. He said to me  
instead: "The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen..."

Yes

I know...

It is just as it is with the flower. If you love a flower that lives on a star  
it is sweet to look at the sky at night. All the stars are a-bloom with  
flowers...

Yes

I know...

It is just as it is with the water. Because of the pulley  
and the rope  
what you gave me to drink was like music. You remember-- how good  
it was.

Yes

I know...

And at night you will look up at the stars. Where I live everything is so  
small that I cannot show you where my star is to be found. It is better  
like that. My star will just be one of the stars  
for you. And so you will love to watch all the stars in the heavens...  
they will all be your friends. And  
besides  
I am going to make you a present...

He laughed again.

Ah

little prince

dear little prince! I love to hear that laughter!

That is my present. Just that. It will be as it was when we drank the water...

What are you trying to say?

All men have the stars

he answered

but they are not the same things for different people. For some

who are travelers

the stars are guides. For others they are no more than little lights in the sky. For others

who are scholars

they are problems . For my businessman they were wealth. But all these stars are silent. You-- you alone-- will have the stars as no one else has them--

What are you trying to say?

In one of the stars I shall be living. In one of them I shall be laughing. And so it will be as if all the stars were laughing

when you look at the sky at night... you-- only you-- will have stars that can laugh!

And he laughed again.

And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you will be content that you have known me. You will always be my friend. You will want to laugh with me. And you will sometimes open your window

so

for that pleasure... and your friends will be properly astonished to see you laughing as you look up at the sky! Then you will say to them

'Yes

the stars al

## Chapter\_7

ways make me laugh!' And they will think you are crazy. It will be a very shabby trick that I shall have played on you...

And he laughed again.

It will be as if

in place of the stars

I had given you a great number of little bells that knew how to laugh...

And he laughed again. Then he quickly became serious:

Tonight-- you know... do not come

said the little prince.

I shall not leave you

I said.

I shall look as if I were suffering. I shall look a little as if I were dying.

It is like that. Do not come to see that. It is not worth the trouble...

I shall not leave you.

But he was worried.

I tell you-- it is also because of the snake. He must not bite you.

Snakes-- they are malicious creatures. This one might bite you just for fun...

I shall not leave you.

But a thought came to reassure him:

It is true that they have no more poison for a second bite.

That night I did not see him set out on his way. He got away from me without making a sound. When I succeeded in catching up with him he was walking along with a quick and resolute step. He said to me merely:

Ah! You are there...

And he took me by the hand. But he was still worrying.

It was wrong of you to come. You will suffer. I shall look as if I were dead; and that will not be true...

I said nothing.

You understand... it is too far. I cannot carry this body with me. It is too heavy.

I said nothing.

But it will be like an old abandoned shell. There is nothing sad about old shells...

I said nothing.

He was a little discouraged. But he made one more effort:

You know

it will be very nice. I

too

shall look at the stars. All the stars will be wells with a rusty pulley.

All the stars will pour out fresh water for me to drink...

I said nothing.

That will be so amusing! You will have five hundred million little bells and I shall have five hundred million springs of fresh water...

And he too said nothing more

because he was crying...

Here it is. Let me go on by myself.

And he sat down

because he was afraid. Then he said

again:

You know-- my flower... I am responsible for her. And she is so weak!  
She is so naïf! She has four thorns  
of no use at all  
to protect herself against all the world...

I too sat down  
because I was not able to stand up any longer.  
There now-- that is all...

He still hesitated a little; then he got up. He took one step. I could not move.

There was nothing but a flash of yellow close to his ankle. He remained motionless for an instant. He did not cry out. He fell as gently as a tree falls. There was not even any sound  
because of the sand.

[ Chapter 27 ]

- the narrator's afterthoughts

And now six years have already gone by...

I have never yet told this story. The companions who met me on my return were well content to see me alive. I was sad  
but I told them: "I am tired."

Now my sorrow is comforted a little. That is to say-- not entirely. But I know that he did go back to his planet

because I did not find his body at daybreak. It was not such a heavy body... and at night I love to listen to the stars. It is like five hundred million little bells...

But there is one extraordinary thing... when I drew the muzzle for the little prince

I forgot to add the leather strap to it. He will never have been able to fasten it on his sheep. So now I keep wondering: what is happening on his planet? Perhaps the sheep has eaten the flower...

At one time I say to myself: "Surely not! The little prince shuts his flower under her glass globe every night

and he watches over his sheep very carefully..." Then I am happy. And there is sweetness in the laughter of all the stars.

But at another time I say to myself: "At some moment or other one is absent-minded

and that is enough! On some one evening he forgot the glass globe or the sheep got out

without making any noise

in the night..." And then the little bells are changed to tears...

Here

then

is a great mystery. For you who also love the little prince and for me

nothing in the universe can be the same if somewhere we do not know where

a sheep that we never saw has-- yes or no?-- eaten a rose...

Look up at the sky. Ask yourselves: is it yes or no? Has the sheep eaten the flower? And you will see how everything changes...

And no grown-up will ever understand that this is a matter of so much importance!

This is

to me

the loveliest and saddest landscape in the world. It is the same as that on the preceding page

but I have drawn it again to impress it on your memory. It is here that the little prince appeared on Earth

and disappeared.

Look at it carefully so that you will be sure to recognise it in case you travel some day to the African desert. And

if you should come upon this spot  
please do not hurry on. Wait for a time  
exactly under the star. Then  
if a little man appears who laughs  
who has golden hair and who refuses to answer questions  
you will know who he is. If this should happen  
please comfort me. Send me word that he has come back.

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